

GOLDEN GATE

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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THE DOCTOR'S PLOT.

(Reported Especially for the Golden Gate.)

The following is an abridged report of a lecture delivered in San Francisco by Dr. T. B. Taylor, A. M., of the Glen Haven Sanitarium, March 14th, which was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic applause. After a few playful remarks calculated to put the audience into pleasant relations with the speaker the Dr. said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It has been repeatedly announced in this hall that the question to be discussed to-day is, "What is the most important question of the hour?" That question must be answered by each individual for himself. If you, sir, Mr. President, hunger, had not had anything to eat for three days, no money, no work, no friends, the most important question of the hour to you, sir, would be *bread*. And while the President of this meeting looks as if he might be well fed it is true from many, many lips, in this land to-day, the cry is for *bread*—hence with many good people the question of social science of all others is the question of the hour.

If our friend, Mrs. Schlessinger, were on the platform this hour she would tell us "the question of all questions is *the rights of women*." And in one sense of the word this position is correct, for motherhood underlies all other social and political questions. But, dear lady, what can be done for motherhood, for woman, while she is hedged about by laws that abridge and encroach upon her natural rights? (A voice, "Have them repealed.") Ah, that is the very work to be inaugurated on this platform to-day. [Applause.] The most important question of the hour is to create a vigorous and wide-spread sentiment against all laws that curtail human rights in all departments of life. We have too much law any way. If our lawmakers would just say hands off and allow all men and women to enjoy their natural rights the world would be the better for it. [Applause.] This is what that grand instrument called the "Bill of Rights" proposes to guarantee to us. It is called "an inalienable right." But this boon has been denied to women by the lords of creation since the day that Adam commanded Eve to keep the flies off of him in Eden. [Laughter and applause.]

Mark, we do not say that all men who hold diplomas in any of the schools are of the class described, but you know, as well as I, that many such are found in the ranks of all the schools. But they are allowed to practice upon you and your friends in the use of deadly drugs. But it shall be deemed unprofessional to practice without a State license, which is refused him however worthy and well qualified he may be, and it shall also be deemed unprofessional to say on a card, in a paper, or circular that, having made a specialty of treating cancers for years, he has "unfailing, or uniform success, etc. For this mortal offense he shall have his license revoked by the board, and if he continue to practice, shall be arrested, fined and imprisoned.

Let us look at the fines, to say nothing about court costs. Suppose such a man, or woman, practiced during six months before arrest on 500 patients and with varying success. The law says he shall be fined not less than \$50 nor more than \$500. Strike the average at \$250; 500 times \$250 would equal \$125,000, to say nothing of court and lawyer fees. But this is not all; he may also be imprisoned in the county jail not less than thirty days nor more than 365 days for every offense. Strike the average at 185 days. But he has offended 500 times, which would make the time of his imprisonment 92,500 days or 3,083 months, or 257 years.

Now, friends, these figures are strictly within the code. Are you willing to be disgraced by continuing such a code on your statute books? [Cries of no! no!] Then rise up in the majesty of your freedom and demand its abrogation! [Applause.] The several other acts were handled in similar manner, after which the doctor asked the attention of the audience to a consideration of the character of that practice which the people are required to employ, and read from the published writings of many of the most distinguished writers in America and England, such as Dr. Forbes, of the *British and Foreign Medical Quarterly*; Dr. James Johnson, of the *British Medico-Chirurgical Review*; Sir Astley Cooper; Magendie, of France; Mott and Parker, of New York; Bigelow and Ware, of Boston, etc. The sentiment of the whole of them, formulated, would be expressed in the laconic words of Dr. Holmes, of Boston, where he says, "If all the drugs in the world were at the bottom of the sea, it would be better for the world, but a hard joke on the fishes."

[Laughter and applause.] Let us then, in the first place, pay attention to the reading and study of the law. Thousands in the State are not aware that there stands on our statute books such a set of nefarious Acts as are there found; so let us resolve ourselves for an hour into a school of close and careful reading and thought, and see what we will learn.

SECTION 1, of the revised code, 1878, reads as follows: "Every person in this State practicing medicine and surgery in any of its departments shall possess the qualifications required by this Act." Comment 1.—A little attention to English grammar would help the solons to appear better in print: *their*—not "its departments." These diplomatical gents are often as ignorant of grammar as they are of anatomy, physiology and therapeutics.

SEC. 2. The qualification required is a diploma. No matter how well qualified a man or woman may be to practice the healing art they are ruled out because they have not a diploma from a school they approve. This is a great injustice to about two thousand men and women in the State who are successful practitioners, and on the small average of ten patients each—an equal or greater injustice to twenty thousand more who wish to employ those practitioners who are ruled out by this unconstitutional law.

SEC. 3. Requires that every applicant for a State license must make affidavit that his diploma was obtained by pursuing the

regular course of study for the terms prescribed by the school. But there are regular schools of medicine which pursue the more rational course and grant diplomas on examination of applicants, and when found worthy and well qualified—having often been tried and never denied, and willing to be tried again, he receives a diploma based on fitness, on success, on qualification. But before this California law such a diploma is not worth the parchment on which it is printed. He is ruled out no matter how great his success, how large his practice, how numerous his friends. He must be arrested under this law, fined, imprisoned and mulcted in court and lawyer's fees.

One case I know of is as follows: Court, fine and lawyer fees \$1000, for one single offense. This physician had three diplomas—two from America and one from a German school—but they were not honored and the doctor is ruined—not allowed to practice—and the patients compelled to employ some one else, perhaps a hundredth part as skillful. This shows the exceeding injustice and unconstitutionality of this law.

SEC. 4. Provides that no one shall obtain a license, or if he have a license, it shall be revoked for "unprofessional conduct." This clause would be well enough if the parties wronged and offended by the conduct of licensed doctors were permitted to say what "unprofessional conduct" is. But one of these diplomaed gents may be reeking with disease of a venereal character, steeped in whisky and tobacco, a vulgar blackguard insulting the taste of decent people, and yet he has his license, and for *such* conduct he is not likely to have his license revoked.

Mark, we do not say that all men who hold diplomas in any of the schools are of the class described, but you know, as well as I, that many such are found in the ranks of all the schools. But they are allowed to practice upon you and your friends in the use of deadly drugs. But it shall be deemed unprofessional to practice without a State license, which is refused him however worthy and well qualified he may be, and it shall also be deemed unprofessional to say on a card, in a paper, or circular that, having made a specialty of treating cancers for years, he has "unfailing, or uniform success, etc. For this mortal offense he shall have his license revoked by the board, and if he continue to practice, shall be arrested, fined and imprisoned.

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Lord Byron.

John Russell Young relates a strange story of Byron, which goes to prove he had a belief in spirit communion (as did Bulwer). Here it is:

Speaking of men who have known great men, said Mr. Young to an interviewer, I remember meeting a gentleman who had been a personal friend of Lord Byron. He told me a curious story. He was in Greece with Byron, and they were traveling together to Missolonghi. A heavy rain-storm came on, and they had to ford a river, and they came to a little Greek inn, riding horseback, and of course very wet. Byron and his friend went to their room until their clothes became dry. Byron lay down upon the bed, put his arms under his head, and said :

"Do you believe in witches and warlocks?"

"Why?" asked his friend.

"You know," replied Byron, "I am almost a Scotchman. I spent my early days in Aberdeen, and when I was a child a gypsy read my fortune. She told me that very important events would happen in my life at ten, twenty-eight and thirty-six. At ten I was a lord by the death of my grand uncle. At twenty-eight I was married. And now," continued Byron, "the third event comes. What will it be?"

My friend said to Byron :

"Oh! that's all nonsense."

"No," said Byron, shaking his head, and talking in his slow, lisping way, "Don't you disbelieve the witches and warlocks?"

He died in ten days.

AN INDIAN GIRL'S DEATH.—Miss Susie Wickliffe, a girl of the Cherokee nation, who was attending a mission school in the Indian Territory, died recently. A local paper says :

She seemed to realize that she was soon to leave this world of sorrow, and called to her mother and said : "Mother, I can't get home, can I?" "No, I think not. Do you want to go home?" "Yes, but I am too sick;" and, raising her right hand continued : "My heart will soon find a better home. You must give me up, mother. Though I love you dearly, I will give you up." She called her mother early one morning, thinking her asleep, but finding her awake said : "Oh, I didn't know you were up—I thought I'd wake you. I was with some little children last night." A few hours before she expired she said : "I do not belong to the church, but I have been praying ever since I've been here at the mission, two years, or more." She then seemed to be engaged in earnest prayer, and we heard her : "Save us all at last for Jesus' sake, amen! Be still—just raise your right hand!"

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A Heaven-Ordained Movement.

If any movement for promoting morality and virtue was ever heaven-ordained, the one designated as the "White Cross" movement must have been. It was one year February 14th, says the New York *Sun*, that Rector B. F. De Costa announced in the Episcopal church of St. John the Evangelist, of that city, that the White Cross Society had been established in New York, with a membership of young men pledged to labor for the extinction of the social evil, to protect women from insult and harm, to rebuke indecent language, and to maintain that the law of chastity is equally binding on men and women.

February 14th, in the same church, the White Cross Society commemorated the anniversary. Every pew in the church was filled. Many women were interested listeners to the report of the spread of the society through the country. Assistant Bishop Potter presided.

There are branches now in India, Africa, Australia, and Canada. The English branch has extended its work into Scotland and Ireland. The society has taken root in the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh. The new tracts, teaching the importance of personal purity, have now been issued by the New York branch. It has been found, the report says, that to-day the drink habit is the fatal feeder of sexual vice.

The report further says that the President of the White Cross Society in America, was told by a champion in London, familiar with all the facts, that the shocking revelations last Summer of nauseous social vices in London did not reveal one-tenth of the truth. But the White Cross Society felt renewed hope in its crusade from the fact that frightful as the extent of wickedness was, it had already been much abated. Only a little while ago, the report says :

"Already young girls below sixteen have disappeared from our miserable streets, and in ten years' time, I believe we shall have delivered our land of her sorest plague."

The National Women's Temperance Union of Philadelphia, recently established a department for the promotion of social purity, patterned after the White Cross Society. The women of the union have organized to save fallen women by women's aid. In Illinois, Miss Francis E. Willard has established in Chicago the Victoria League, an auxiliary of the White Cross, which especially seeks to labor among mothers and daughters with the view of exhibiting the effects of sexual vice, teaching a true physiology, and advocating the general establishment of a White Cross code of morals in female society.

The movement has spread among American colleges. The students of Lee University, in Virginia, formed a White Cross Society the moment they heard that one had been established in New York. The Society for the Prevention of State Regulation of Vices is co-operating with the White Cross Society in fighting the social evil and toleration of it.

The formation of this society can not result otherwise than in great good to the world at large. Spiritualists should join the society, because as a class they have the cleanest records in the world, and would be instrumental of course, as a body in doing the greatest good.

In Mexico the morning newspapers are sold in the streets the evening before, for they go press about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The Sunday morning papers are sold Saturday night, and there are none ready for Monday, so that in Mexico there is no Sunday newspaper work done and no Sunday newspaper; but just where the moral advantage comes in, even a long sojourn in Mexico fails to make plain.

Mrs. Roche, a handsome young widow of St. Louis, caused the arrest of a female fortune-teller named Schadt, whom she charges with defrauding her of \$1450 for love-powders to blow through the key-hole of a room occupied by a blonde gentleman she desired to marry.

EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

Dreams.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

"Do you believe in dreams?" asked my friend, I—N—, as we were sitting together one pleasant Summer day several years since. "That depends," said I, "if they are true I do, otherwise they are somewhat mixed." "Well," said he, "I do; and I'll tell why." "All right," said I, "give us the yarn, for I feel just indolent enough to make a good listener."

"About eight years ago," he began, "I was herding horses in Utah, and though in general it was easy work, yet sometimes the thieving Goshute Indians would sneak around among them, and then a stampede was sure to take place, and give us no end of trouble. Sometimes too, our so-called Christian brothers of the latter-day-saint persuasion took a hand in the same game, and when such was the case, we were pretty sure to be minus some of the finest of our band, when we again got them together. Our band of two hundred or more, contained some inferior animals of the California stock, but a large proportion of them were American; and some of them were really fine animals, and these caused us no little anxiety, for in case of a raid being made upon the band, our loss was sure to be evidence of the good judgment of horse-flesh on the part of the raiders. We, however, had had pretty good luck with them for several months, and they were getting into fine condition for the Nevada and California markets, where we were on the point of taking them; when one morning, rounding them up and counting, showed that seven of the finest of the band were missing. What had become of them we could not tell. There had been no disturbance among them during the night previous, and they were there the day before."

"As matter of course there was considerable excitement in camp, and all hands that could be spared from the band were sent out immediately in search for the missing horses. Hill, valley and plain for miles around were searched in vain. Not a trace of them could be found. As all of us had a pecuniary interest in the strays, you may be sure, we left no place within a day's ride unsearched, and still could find nothing of them."

"Wearied and somewhat disheartened over our loss, I came to camp one night quite late, and after a hearty supper and a smoke, I retired and almost immediately fell asleep. Soon I was in the land of dreams; that strange state where the wildest flights of imaginations, and the most unheard of scenes and occurrences seem like common places, and perfectly natural and proper. I was wandering over green fields, and along the flowery banks of brightly flowing waters. The songs of birds filled the air with their delicious strains, and the balmy breezes seemed laden with the perfumes of many gardens. Here thought I is perfect peace and joy unclouded. Suddenly my attention was directed to a mountain which seemed far away in the dim, misty distance. I experienced a desire to visit it, and almost instantly, it seemed to me, I was climbing its rugged side.

As I neared the top, I saw just before me a trail, which seemed to run towards the summit. I took it, and following along, I soon observed that there were a number of horse tracks in it, all of them turned towards the top. Ah! thought I, these may be the tracks of our lost animals, and I hurried forward along the plainly beaten trail. Soon, however, it diverged to the right and ran around the mountain rather than up it. As I got around so I could see that part which had been hidden from view, I saw a small clump of willows; (a sure sign of water almost every where in the mountains of Utah.) Ah! thought I, that water is what brought the horses up. Approaching nearer, I found a beautiful spring bubbling under the willows. I lay down and took a deep draught of it, and arising I saw that just below the spring was a piece of meadow land some fifteen or twenty acres, covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, and grazing upon it in seeming contentment, were my seven lost horses.

"I looked them all over, saw no marks upon them to indicate that they had been handled by any one, nor could I see any indications of any other human being but myself."

"Looking around, I saw that this place was a peculiarly secluded one—a perfect ideal of a mountain fastness—three sides being bordered by almost perpendicular walls, while on the remaining one the mountain rose a thousand feet higher. While I stood gazing at everything connected with the spot I suddenly lost consciousness."

"On awakening the next morning my strange dream came instantly to my mind as plain as though I were still in the midst of it. I told it to the boys at breakfast and they made light of it, saying they thought my supper did not set well, and so forth. On going out of the tent the sun was just rising and was coloring with beautiful effect a mountain peak far to the westward, and, to my great surprise, its outline was the exact counterpart of the one seen in my dream. I called the boys and told them that there was the mountain I had seen during my dream, and that

I verily believed if we would go there we would surely find our lost animals. One of them who was more familiar with the country than the rest said, "Why, that mountain is eighty miles from here, and its summit is almost inaccessible." "Well," said I, "I believe our horses are there anyhow. At any rate if any one will go with me we will go and see." Seeing my earnestness one of the boys said he would go. We immediately saddled our horses, and taking provision enough to last three days we started off on what seemed a veritable 'wild goose chase.'

"A hard day's ride brought us within ten or twelve miles of the base of the mountain. The next morning bright and early we were off again. As we approached the mountain everything seemed strangely familiar to me, though I knew I had never been in that vicinity before—at least not in the body."

"As we climbed the side I seemed to know just the course to take to avoid every obstacle. Ascending along, just as I had done in my dream, we soon came to the spot where I had looked ahead and had seen the trail, and, sure enough, there it was before us!"

"More than elated by this coincidence we took the trail, found the tracks just as I had dreamed them, and on making the turn around to the other side we saw the clump of willows, and on approaching there was the spring, and just below it were the horses exactly as I had seen them forty hours before. Everything was exactly as it had appeared in my dream."

"We found nothing to indicate how the horses got there, but we always believed they had been put there by some of our Mormon neighbors."

"As soon as we arrived at camp we packed up and started for Nevada, not caring to take any further risks; but my dream was certainly the means of saving us over two thousand dollars."

"Now," said he, "how do you account for it?"

"Perhaps," said I, "while you were asleep your spirit did a little horse hunting on its own account and it seems with better success than you had."

"Well, may be so," said he; "but I'll be blown if I believe it."

E. G. A.

Experiences in the Mediumship of Mrs. Herbert.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

As a reader of the GOLDEN GATE, I learn that it is in order for correspondents to give brief sketches of meritorious mediums; and the writer being acquainted with the subject of this sketch and knowing her to be a good and reliable test medium, believes her to be entitled to a notice in columns. Mrs. Herbert, whose parlors are at 418 Twelfth street, Oakland, is an English lady by birth, and has been resident of California several years. Her clairvoyant and trance gifts were hers from childhood. Mrs. Herbert says of herself: "As a medium, while residing in Boston, I had constant views of spirit life, could hear them talking and advising me to allow myself to become their instrument. At last I seemed compelled to yield, and when discussing the subject, I could see and describe the departed friends to their entire satisfaction. Very soon people became interested, and I was the recipient of many calls. Often, at night, after retiring, I would seemingly be taken in spirit to all parts of the world, and a departed friend would converse with me, and to induce others to come whom I did not know. One instance in particular I would like to mention. One night, about 12 o'clock, I was awakened by the fire-alarm. It being a common occurrence, I thought but little of it, and tried to sleep again, but was strongly impressed to rise and dress. Obeying the impression, I was soon seated by the fire, and becoming unconscious, seemed to be carried a great distance. On returning to consciousness, it was broad daylight, yet I did not feel weary. The evening of the same day, I saw distinctly a spirit form, and although people were passing on the street, I could hear him talk plainly. Later, the same evening, as I ascended the stairs, I heard spirit voices, and was alarmed. I entered my room, saw the spirits, was told a person in the house would pass away, and if I would be present, they would show me how spirits depart from the body. At that time, I was not acquainted with the person, but was soon invited to the sick room, and finding those in attendance exhausted by watching, and with the spirit message in mind, I offered my services, and while sitting by the bedside, had beautiful visions, could hear voices, and was told the future for the next ten years. All they told me proved true."

"When at Lake Pleasant, and in the Davenport cottage veranda with five or six others; Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham, (strangers to me) came around the corner, and just as Mr. Dillingham appeared, I seemed to see him carrying his own coffin, and the spirit himself lying on the top of the coffin. I thought what a peculiar vision, and then looking again, I saw blood oozing from his mouth, and was impressed at once that he was soon to pass away. Mrs. Dillingham, observing that I was under influence, and looking intently at her husband, questioned me in regard to what I saw, but a spirit physician by his side said, 'Do not speak of this yet; it is only to show you what you can do for others.' As Mr. Dillingham was a medium, I joined their developing circle, and

it was said we gave some of the finest tests that had ever been given. The same year Mr. Dillingham passed away, and I have had many conversations with him since. Before I knew of his death, I saw his spirit."

"Soon after my arrival in Oakland, I held a circle, and among those present, was a lady, a stranger whom I had never seen before. I heard beautiful music, and could not tell which one of the assembled persons it was intended for. At last I saw the spirit of a young man, I should say about twenty-one years of age; he said to me, 'This is my mother; please ask her to play a waltz that I composed.' I went to the lady and said, 'Madam, you have a son in spirit like. He wishes me to ask you to play a waltz that he composed.' The lady was at first confused; tears came to her eyes, then opening the piano, she complied with the request. Since then she has received many beautiful messages from him. When a child, I was taught not to notice or believe the strange things that I saw and heard. Since then I have realized how wrong it is to ignore the dear ones that are so anxious to return, and I now devote my life to them."

This lady is giving sittings daily at her parlors, where hundreds have received positive tests of the life beyond.

The Consoling Effects of Modern Spiritualism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In order to convey as clearly as possible to my readers a conception of the above subject I will relate as briefly as possible my own experience both previous to and following my investigation of this new phenomena.

At the time my attention was first attracted toward it I was in a condition of disbelief bordering on despair. My earliest teachings were those of Methodism, and at one time I felt safe and contented in its teachings; but years of varied experiences among conflicting religious theories, as well as years of mental and physical illness, had materially affected my former faith. I had always mourned my beloved mother's early decease, leaving me only a babe, had felt that her dear presence through my years of suffering, her patience and loving ministrations, would have supplied my greatest want, and imparted a new impetus to my aimless life, but alas, she, together with all my dear friends, separated from me by death, I had been taught were so far removed from my sphere, that it was doubtful if they ever could return to me even did they care to do so, owing to the "impassable gulf" between the two worlds, and if they had been fortunate enough to reach heaven, their bliss was so intense, their interest in this world and its occupants would cease. If on the other hand, unfortunately they had failed to secure the "Pearl of great price," they were in such agonizing torments that they were oblivious to everything else. I could not accept this theory, but found myself drifting into Materialism, yea, almost Atheism. Spiritualism seemed to me the only actual proof of immortality, and I considered that a delusion.

In this condition of unrest and unhappiness I craved earnestly some faith to bring me peace of mind. I became physically much worse; was taken into the mountains to a quiet, peaceful resort—the home of an intelligent and estimable woman who was a Spiritualist and also something of a medium. My nurse also proved to be a believer in the same philosophy. So it was that in that delightful spot, removed from the turmoil and confusion of the outside world, in the lap of Nature, surrounded by spiritual influences calculated to soothe my mind and strengthen my exhausted forces, I was first enabled to understand the true and ennobling principles of this new and rational philosophy. My first impression was to turn away from the subject, as I considered it to be a dangerous one, then listened as I thought indifferently to any conversation upon it, and then determined, as I heard it so differently expounded from my previous experiences, to read and investigate it thoroughly until I was satisfied as to whether it was a truth or an error. It needed but a few weeks of careful investigation to convince me that Spiritualism, that much abused and poorly understood phenomenon, was a glorious, living truth!

I did not yield until I was convinced that notwithstanding fraud existed, as it always must when there is anything genuine, I was satisfied beyond the shadow of a doubt that our dear friends, that we have so bitterly mourned, as being far removed from us, and unconscious of our earthly condition—that these dear ones were near to love and comfort us, and with the proper conditions so poorly understood by but few, in the present existing ignorance of the laws that govern this comparatively new phenomena, they would manifest their presence to us beyond a doubt as to their identity.

And now that the time has approached that I should demonstrate the subject of this essay, I realize my inability to do so. Human power is inadequate to express them, and human language too feeble and incomplete to describe them, and too few hearts are prepared to receive them, and minds to comprehend them. All those familiar and so-called grand ideas and conceptions of the Scriptures, revealing the supposed will of God, concerning His children and His eternal goodness to them, compared to the infinite and sub-

lime expanse of our reasonable philosophy of Spiritualism, grows dim and loses its former enchantment.

I now can see an object in our creation, and instead of often regretting my existence, I am thankful each day for my birth. Knowing that however thorny my brief existence here on the earth plane, a glorious and active immortality awaits me, when I have put off this mortal body. How different seems my view of creation! A sweet peace, such as I had dreamed of, but never hoped to realize, took possession of my soul. Doubt gave place to belief, fear to hope, despair to a faith that sustained me, in every conflict and a knowledge of the future, that was a comfort and joy to me every hour of my mortal existence. Life assumed a new attractiveness. I was no longer an orphan. My long mourned mother was enabled to manifest her presence to me in so many ways, that to doubt her one moment was impossible. She came to me with all the mother love I had so covetous, intensified and unselfish, the result of many years of spirit life experiences and advancement, and gave me new courage to struggle out of my past sufferings and renew my interest and pleasures in this sphere of action. I could frequently feel her dear hands upon my head, and her voice whispered words of courage in my ear in the quiet of night. In many ways, she demonstrated to me beyond a doubt that our friends in spirit life, are better able to aid and love us, than when subject to the infirmities, and selfish desires of earth life. All my dear friends and kindred on the other side were restored to me, and daily lent their magnetic presence to enhance my happiness and facilitate my recovery.

I can not describe to you the contrast between my former and present condition. I now had everything to make me happy. The reunion of kindred spirits, their loving messages of cheer and intelligence of their homes and habits, my returning health and spirits, the hope of an immortality of increasing knowledge and happiness, the dread of death dispelled, and the knowledge that in bereavement I could never again mourn as one without hope, and the immortality of the soul was demonstrated beyond a doubt. The God that I now recognize, the God of all the worlds, the fountain of all happiness, the source of all life and light, is so much greater, so much wiser, so much more loving and compassionate, so much more merciful, so much more powerful, than the God I had been taught to worship. He created mankind for a wise and loving purpose, to finally attain through their own efforts, the highest condition of perfection possible to finite beings, and not that for the sin of one man should they suffer eternally.

If only I could convince one poor struggling mortal of this glorious truth, I would be content. If I could only cause the bereft, mourning the loss of the dearest companions, to comprehend how slight the veil that screens them from mortal vision, and the available opportunities of communication with them, that would turn their mourning into joy. If only I could demonstrate to those who are living dissolute and sinful lives, the importance of their making the best use of their time and opportunities here, that they may enter spirit life with minds prepared to advance with ease and rapidity from one sphere of knowledge and beauty, to those still more ennobling and delightful. If I could only persuade the people who follow blindly the teachings of the problem of eternal salvation as man understands them, to pause, and think for themselves, to investigate our glorious science of Modern Spiritualism, and learn for themselves, whether or not, "the half" of the consolation of its teachings that a delusion.

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In the Summer of 1874, I was visiting a family in Coloma, who had been residing there since 1853. My host, a very intelligent man who had read a great deal on most subjects and whose conversational powers were very bright and entertaining, was discussing the subject of religion and inspiration one day, when I learned from his admissions that he was an infidel of the most pronounced kind, —in fact he declared that he had not a particle of belief in a personal God or a future life. His words were, "When we die that is the last of us." Nothing, and I have thought and read much on this subject, can convince me to the contrary, I was not much shocked at this admission, as my own faith on these questions had been much shaken. Indeed, I may as well admit that I almost agreed with him, as the old orthodox faith in which I had been educated totally failed to satisfy my mind. I had not been thoroughly con-

vinced of the claim of Spiritualism, though I had been an investigator for some years.

Our conversations, therefore, almost always drifted to these topics, and many were our discussions thereon, until the whole current of our thoughts was changed by my very singular dream, which I will now relate: While sound asleep, I seemed to be conscious that I was so, and at the same time of being very wide awake, and speculating, why, and how I could thus be in two states of existence at the same time, when looking around me I found myself standing in a large square courtyard paved with red bricks, surrounded on all sides by a large building of a quaint and strange style of architecture; it was old and worn-looking with queer little pointed windows glazed in diamond-shaped glass framed in lead; numerous small turrets on an overhanging roof, beside a large one in the center where a bell hung, there were several doors also, that opened like gateways. So strange did the surroundings seem to me, that I wondered where I was, and what brought me there. Just then the bell in the turret rang, and I seemed to be asking some one, what it all meant. I could see no one, and yet I felt that some one was with me, for an answer to my thought came. "Wait and you shall see." Again the bell rang, the doors or gateways of the building all opened at once, and out rushed crowds of boys of all ages, from five to sixteen, they were dressed in the oddest manner; I had never seen boys in such singular costumes before, so quaint and strange-looking to my wondering eyes.

While still pondering what it all meant, a young lad, who had been playing with the other boys, for they all started to play and romp around me as soon as they left the building, but did not seem to be at all conscious that I was there, except this one boy, who I noticed came towards me hopping on one leg and a crutch, the right leg being much shorter than the left. When he stood before me he spoke: "Tell your friend, A. L.," said he, giving me the full name of my host, "that he is wrong. No one ever dies. We are all immortal. The body is changed, but we do not die. I have left the body but I am still alive. Tell him his old schoolmate Jacob Meyer says so. He will remember me, when you tell him that I broke my thigh in falling out of a swing, and that is why I used this," pointing to his crutch; "say he will make me much happier if he will believe me, and it will be so much better for him when he comes here."

With this the whole scene seemed to vanish like a dissolving view, and I awoke with the feeling of having been on a long journey, and rather surprised to find myself altogether again, as it were. I can express my sensations in no other language, it was so very strange and unusual an experience, and now as I write, the whole scene is as vivid to my mind as though it was an actual occurrence and not the "baseless fabric of a vision." Well, of course, next day I took an opportunity of telling my host of my singular dream, expecting nothing but ridicule and laughter for paying any attention to it, but while relating it, I noticed that my friend seemed at first much interested, then agitated, while he asked me to describe the whole thing over again. When I had done so, he said, "You astound me; what you saw in your dream was a reality, your description of the court-yard and building is an exact description of the school I attended when a boy in Germany, nearly fifty years ago. The boy of your dream was a dear schoolmate of mine, who as he told you, was crippled by a fall from a swing; we were of the same age, but I being much smaller than he, was teased and put upon by the bigger boys, and he would always protect me from their roughness, by using his crutch on them; he was my guardian and companion at all times, and we were much attached to each other. My parents, however, left Germany for America when I was twelve years old, bringing me with them. I have never been back to Germany, nor have I ever heard what became of Jacob. I do not know whether he is dead or living, nor have I any means of finding out. Of one thing, I am sure, that I have never talked with any one in this country of that boy, nor described that building, and how you became possessed of these facts puzzles me. As for the idea that Jacob's spirit talked with you, why that is nonsense of course."

He finally decided that "Brain Waves" did it. That while my brain was quiescent, the knowledge in his brain was transferred to mine by some unknown law of nature. He was a follower of Tyndall and Huxley you see. But this did not convince me, it was only another link of a chain of evidence which has made me a believer in Spiritualism. My friend has passed on by his own hand, I regret to say; he now knows. I have had a communication from him since, but only showing that he takes an interest in the welfare of his children, and asking me to do him a favor in the behalf of one of them.

M. A. M.

A Child's Double.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE

I wish to relate to you a strange experience of a dear friend of mine, who now resides in Montana; but at the time she told me we were living in the same house in Sacramento, California. At the time of this strange occurrence she, with her three children, were living in Placerville, California. She is not a real Spiritualist. She is very intelligent, not imaginative,

but a thorough domestic woman, and I found her truthful and honorable. The eldest child was, at the time of the occurrence, about fourteen years old—a girl, Flora by name, rather delicate, peevish and fretful. The other two, Nettie next to Flora, and George the youngest. Now for the story:

The day was pleasant, in the month of May, when the mother, with the two younger children, went for a walk, and to spend the day gathering ferns and cones, Flora staying at home, not wishing to go with them. They went about three miles from home, had their lunch, got their ferns and had had a nice time enjoying nature's beauties. At length the sun told them that they had better retrace their steps homeward, all regretting Flora's not coming. They took a trail down the side of the mountain; when Nettie called to the mother, "Oh, there's Flora." The mother and George, both looked down the path; there Flora stood looking at them. They hallooed to her, when she seemed to start towards them, the mother scolding why she did not come with them. Still she came towards them, until within about fifty feet, she stopped by a bush and, never speaking, seemed to step aside back of the bush out of sight. The other children ran to look for her, when lo! she was gone. They hunted around, thinking she must be hid, but grew tired of searching, when they said, "Oh! she thinks she is smart, well, leave her now." They were within sight of home, about a quarter of a mile distant. They hurried home, when to their astonishment, as they turned the corner that the house fronted on, there stood Flora, rubbing her eyes as though just awaking from a long sleep. The mother and children in chorus, began at her for playing them a trick, when Flora seemed more puzzled than they. She said, "I have slept since 2 o'clock. I have not been outside of the house, you may ask," referring to the neighbor next door. The mother took Flora alone and questioned and scolded, and went to the neighbor, when Flora's statement was verified. The children and mother often referred to Flora's spirit leaving her because she was naughty. The dear girl is now in the spirit land. The mother used to think that it was a bad omen to Flora.

Mr. Editor, I do not write this story for publication, but thought it might bring some new thought in this grand and noble work, I am with you and all true Spiritualists.

MRS. C. BIRD.

Heber Newton.

(Mrs. Susan G. Horn in *Banner of Light*.)

This bright Sunday morning, following the crowd, I went to hear Heber Newton in the Anthon Memorial Church, and enjoyed the unusual sight of seeing in a conventional Episcopal Church the aisles packed with people—young men and old—crowding even the steps leading to the altar, and sitting on chairs carried up for the occasion upon the elevated platform where the clergymen officiate, and which in the church is generally considered a place too sacred for the unconsecrated. And what a soul-stirring, liberal discourse Mr. Newton gave to crown these innovations! How he held up before our eyes the scholastic creeds heavy with incomprehensible tenets which the simple, plain-speaking Nazarene never dreamed of promulgating, and flung them back to the dark ages whence they came! Christ's creed, he said, was "that we have a Father in Heaven, a Father who loves us, and we are immortal"—the creed of Confucius, the creed of the Buddhist, the creed which to-day is coming again to the surface because it is eternal and true. Christ did not sermonize people on the wickedness of their nature. He told of his house of many mansions, where even the most depraved may find a pleasant resting place. At this point of his address he paid a great compliment to Spiritualism, saying, "The marvelous growth of Spiritualism is due to the craving of the soul of man for immortality, and a desire to know something certain of the future state of existence."

Mr. Newton possesses the gift of personating, and he carried his hearers in poetic strain along the path of Jesus, the great humanitarian. He has a strong magnetic personality, a face of pale, classic mold, such as sculptors would love to model, and a somewhat Byronic physiognomy. He is a poet in the truest sense, inasmuch as he throws the better part of human nature into high relief, and gives the Thirty-nine Articles to the wind. Coming in contact with such a soul, makes one feel that church-life is not all sham and externalism; that in him we shall see a spirit that utters its inspirations free of all conventionalities and theologic training. Evidently it is to Spiritualism we owe the flow of liberal thought which to-day is given out from the so-called Orthodox pulpits of New York.

A COMICAL INCIDENT is related of an eminent English nobleman who was presiding at a press dinner. He concluded his few feeble remarks by proposing the "health of Gutenberg." Some one pulled his coat tails and whispered that he was dead. "I regret," continued the nobleman, "to announce that intelligence has just been received that Gutenberg is dead."

THE last week in January 99,266 persons received parish relief in London.

GLIMPSES IN SPIRIT LAND.

A Visit to the Island of Lonalia—A Wire's Description of Her Spirit Home to Her Husband.

NO. 5.

After about an hour's entrancement the medium returned to consciousness and related to me the following:

"I have been to a most beautiful island; the name it bore was Lonalia. This island is devoted to orphan children, or those children who have come to spirit land before their parents, or who, having parents in spirit land, find they have passed far beyond them in progression. We left what seemed to be the main land in a beautiful barge, your good wife, who was my guide, conducting it. I had hold of her hand and feared to let it go although encouraged to do so; it was so strange. As we landed upon the shores of the island two beautiful children came to meet us; they eagerly approached L., and she took them up in her arms and kissed them. The children were a little boy and girl—so small I should think not more than a year and a half old. The little girl was dressed in pure white with a blue ribbon about the waist; the little boy the same with the exception there was no girdle about the waist. They did not seem to see me at all. When I had finished caressing them she placed them on the ground and they bounded on before as happy as they could be. L. said to me, 'These are my two spirit children until their mother comes to spirit land to claim them, for she is deserving of two such children.' We now passed along a beautiful path, through what seemed to be a park. The walk was covered with small pebbles of different colors, no two seemed to be alike; they were very small and made a pathway of variegated colors exceedingly pleasant to look upon. I noticed, as we passed along, a great variety of trees—some very tall and all unlike anything I had seen before. We passed by many elegant residences placed here and there in the most picturesque locations. I was told the whole island was the same as the portion I could now see. We had walked about one-fourth of a mile from where we landed when L. said to me, 'Look to your left and you will see my home.' As I looked I saw a white cottage at a little distance surrounded by beautiful grounds inclosed by a thick hedge that came up to my shoulders; I could just look over it. We approached a gate which was constructed by intertwining vines. I opened it and we passed through and I found myself standing in midst of a most beautiful garden, so charming was the view that for a few moments I stood entranced with admiration. The two little children had reached the garden before us and were ready to receive us. L. said to me, 'Shall we walk through the grounds first or shall we go in the house?' I answered, 'Oh! let us stay where we are for a while.' We then walked about. My attention was called to the trees—two that were close to the house most attracted my attention; they were tall and majestic reaching above the house in height; they did not seem to be covered with leaves, but the branches were closely covered with a fine vine, and that vine was full of little flowers of different colors; one was a pure white; next to that would be one of pink; but what seemed to me most strange was that they appeared to be alive, and I remarked this to my companion. She said, 'Yes, they must necessarily be alive or they would not be in spirit land.' I took hold of one of the lower branches and looked closely at the flower; it seemed so full of life that to the touch it was as if I had placed my hand on animal life—I could feel the pulse throb and beat; the effect was not unpleasant, but surprising. L. then said to me, 'Come, I want to show you a plant that upon this island particularly is thought a great deal of; and particularly by Hebrew women who, she said, 'hold it in great reverence; and I think so much of it myself that I wish you to remember it particularly so that you can describe it.' I followed her a short distance around the house when we came to a plant as high as the trees just described, but of such strange and unusual character I can hardly describe it. It was a cluster or group of white flowers upon tall green stems—the tallest in the center—and the flower represented a man, and all those surrounding it. The flowers represented children of different ages and growth. The grandeur of its growth and the white purity of color, together with the fact that every flower was the image of a child except the center one which was that of a man, impressed and surprised me. L. said to me, 'The name of the plant is archibulum, the meaning of which is, the white temple of the children. The Hebrew mothers say it grows to remind them of the passage of Scripture, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not,' etc. They call it Christ blessing little children. I noticed that this plant seemed to pulsate with life, the same as the trees described before. The plant towered up grandly before me and sent off from its pulsating petals a fragrance that almost entranced my senses. My attention was now attracted to the grass, which was of the most delicate shades of green, from the darkest to the lightest, each spear of a tint of its own, and here and

there interspersed with various colors, the whole beautifully harmonious and of dazzling brightness. My attention was called towards a most beautiful bluebird—the blue was such as you see in the sky sometimes—a deep, soft, melting blue. L. said to me, 'This bird represents parental affection; its music entranced me—such soft, plaintive notes. So touching was the melody that it seemed to thrill me through.' The grounds were large; the house placed in the center. I could see in the rear apartments for domestic animals, as I have seen upon earth. There were many beautiful flowers, but I examined nothing more particularly. L. said she would show me the house at another time, for I must not remain longer at present. We now returned to the barge. My attention was called to the dress of my companion, as we passed along. It seemed to be of a white delicate material, and hung loosely from her shoulders in graceful folds. The material seemed to have a luminous appearance; no ornament was worn on the dress, her hair hung loose, ornamented with a half-open rose-bud.

SECOND VISIT TO THE HOME ON THE ISLAND OF LONALIA—DESCRIPTION OF A PORTION OF THE HOUSE.

"I was not conscious until I came to the center of the garden. The house was of a rich cream color, and had green blinds to the windows. The shape of the house was oblong with octagon ends; it had two stories, and there was a veranda all around. The two trees in front, described before, shaded its roof, and the vine that corresponds to foliage, covered a portion of the second-story veranda. We ascended five steps, protected by a railing on each side, and landed on the veranda opposite folding-doors in the center of the front; on each side of the doors were two windows. As I ascended the steps, I noticed they were finished with a border of white and green flowers, apparently inlaid and highly polished. The color of the steps was the same as the house, but so bright they would reflect objects like a mirror. I noticed around the veranda post was entwined a delicate vine bearing a white flower with a yellow center, that reminded me of a cape jessamine more in its fragrance, perhaps, than in the shape of the flower. On one of the squares of the octagon end of the veranda was a settee of willow-work. I noticed three chairs, two of them having the shape of flowers—one in the shape of a fuchsia, having the deep crimson color of the fuchsia; another, an easy chair with a trimming, running all over it in relief, of a beautiful small, white bell-flower. The third chair was in the shape of a very beautiful, but strange flower. I sat down in this chair. It was remarkable for the ease in which it would adjust itself to any position I wished; the color of this chair was lilac.

"The folding-doors opened into a large hall that ran through the house to doors on the opposite side. As we entered we noticed the rooms opened off from the hall on each side. L. said to me: 'Now, I want you to take particular notice of what you see, and not let your thoughts wander to what you may be expecting.' L. opened the first door on the left and we entered the room. 'Now, said L., 'I will show you my reception-room, or public parlor.' The impression made upon my mind was that I was entering a room more richly furnished than any I had ever seen before. The furniture was of blue and gold. The upholstery was of a light fabric. The walls were tinted with a light blue and hung with splendid paintings. The carpet was of a variety of colors, blue prevailing. I amused L. by stooping down to feel of the carpet to see if it was woolen; I found it was. This was a double parlor, separated by sliding doors. I was told that the partitions could be moved back into the walls and all thrown into one large room, to be used for social gatherings. The hangings of the windows were exceedingly rich, and everything in the room—article, color or shade—was in perfect harmony. I noticed two beautiful birds in the room at liberty,—one a bright yellow, the other gold and black. When L. spoke to them they understood her and would jump into her hand, or fly on her shoulder, and seemed to know what she said. The large center table, in the middle of the floor, was of marble, supported by two beautiful carved figures of the human form. On the table was a card-receiver of crystal, standing up from the table on gold supports. I noticed cards. There seemed to be vases and statuettes—the last in niches in the wall—about the room. The ceiling overhead was beautifully frescoed.

"We now left this room and opened another door on the same side of the hall and entered the library. The room was large. The walls on the right and left, as we entered, were covered with books; the ends were devoted to maps. There were elegant chairs, tables and settees in the room. L. showed me how she could read a book. She said to me: 'When I wish to know what a book contains, I can lay my hands upon it and thus learn its contents.' The carpet was green, and the walls tinted with green. I noticed nothing remarkable in the library; it seemed comfortable and complete.

"We now passed into another room on the same side of the hall. 'This,' L. said, 'is my sitting-room, commonly called so upon earth. The furniture in this room was wood color. The room was full of sunshine, bright and cheerful. One strange thing attracted my attention

as I entered; that was a sewing-machine at work, and, what was more strange, there was no one working it. I said to L.: 'This is strange; I must be in fairyland.' She said: 'No, you will yet have these upon earth so perfect that they will work themselves.' I then examined the work; it was embroidery a frock for a little girl. L. took it up, arranged it a little, placed it back again and set the machine in motion, and on it went embroidering as before. L. now took a harp from the corner of the room, and striking the strings it sent forth a delicious melody that entranced me. After playing a few notes she commenced singing a soft, melodious strain, accompanying herself on the instrument. The words she sang are, as near as I can recollect, as follows:

"Yes, indeed, I liveth still,
Waiting for loved ones to with me dwell;
I will strive my soul impatient not to be,
The time is approaching, my soul, be thou still."

"The music ceased, and I was standing before an open window hung with gauze curtains. In front of the window was a beautiful crystal aquarium full of many varieties of fish, exhibiting their bright colors to the rays of light as they swam to and fro. In the bottom were beautiful mosses, stones, shells, and a variety of corals. The aquarium was supported on four columns that had the forms of fish. Across the window-top were climbing vines, fine and delicate.

A gentle breeze was blowing, and as it passed through the vines soft music was heard like an Aeolian harp. The carpet was of a beautiful crimson tint, filled with bright flowers. The prevailing color of this room was crimson; the fresco overhead, and the walls, were tinted with crimson. Pictures covered the walls,—most of the family being represented; then all looked younger than they now are. L. said to me: 'This is my room, and I have the pictures here of those I love. Step here,' she said, 'and I will show you another.' So saying, she led me to a mirror, between the windows, that reached from the floor to the ceiling, with a frame that corresponded with the other furniture of the room. As I looked into the mirror I saw myself; but more, I could see my every thought and purpose. I must have expressed surprise, for L. said: 'You see it would not do for you to be wicked here, for you would be sure to see how it looked.' There were many paintings representing different scenes in earth life,—a picture of a family gathering in the earthly home, several statuettes. A fine group over the mantle in marble, L. said, represented the joyful day when the family would again be all happy together. Hung in the center of the room was a fine chandelier. There were several birds in the room flying about perfectly fearless. All this time the sewing-machine was going, L. occasionally stopping to adjust the work. L. said to me: 'This is my room of comfort. I can come here and feel that those I love are around me.' The pictures and statuary seemed life-like, and everything in the room was full of life and joy. L. seemed full of happiness, and was active, calling to my notice different things, for she said: 'You must remember and tell him everything you see.' My sight was clearer this time than ever before.

The Boston Spiritual Temple.

(H. K. in the Spiritual Offering.)

MR. W. J. COLVILLE, the celebrated inspirational medium, in a letter to the *Medium and Daybreak*, of London, thus speaks of the Spiritual Temple, of Boston, recently opened, and dedicated to the cause of Spiritualism:

"The new Spiritual Temple is not yet the center of very great activity, though the work there is increasing, and there is every prospect of its becoming really great in the future."

In consequence of the illness of Mrs. Dyer, the regular speaker, the platform has been occupied by several others, among them Dr. J. R. Buchanan and Mr. Colville, the latter receiving invitations to speak on each Wednesday in February.

Two of the upper rooms have been furnished, and are now in constant use as seance rooms. In one of these Dr. D. C. Caswell, the noted materializing and trance medium, holds circles every week for illuminated materializations. Many ancient spirits, it is said, make their appearance, and give very interesting communications. One of the most celebrated of materializing mediums holds seances in the other.

MR. AYER, the donor of this magnificent building to the cause, still exercises the chief control over its use, and, it is said, is displaying commendable liberality in the administration of its affairs, various schools of thought being represented on its platform. We earnestly trust that this judicious course may prove effective in dispelling the antagonism that, for a long time, has existed among some of the Spiritualists of Boston towards this great and munificent enterprise, and thus insure the consummation of the generous plans of the gentleman who has invested so much in its erection.

The ferries over East River at New York, are steadily recovering the traffic that was lost to them when the Brooklyn bridge was opened. The throng passing over the bridge is as great as ever. This state of things is accounted for by the increase of population in Brooklyn.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The Spirits Plead for the Reprieve of a Condemned Murderer.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE

Recently I heard the report that the jail in which O'Neal is imprisoned is haunted. The Sheriff changed the prisoner to another cell, then placed everything properly in the vacated cell, locked the door and kept the key in his pocket until the next morning, when, to his surprise, on opening the cell, he found everything in it out of place. Others beside the Sheriff and the prisoner heard and saw strange things which they could not account for except they were spooks.

On Wednesday, March 4th, I had a seance with Mrs. R., and heard three raps from a slate which we knew to be fresh cleaned, and at the time lay upon the shelf several feet from where we sat. I took it up and found the following written upon it, which was to the medium, and to myself, as much unexpected as this account is to any who may read it:

FATHER BEESON.—I can not rest while that poor man is in bondage. You and I must do all that we can for him. I, and other spirits, have been with him a long time. The man who did the deed will confess some time. He is very unhappy. O'Neal is innocent.

LEWIS MAC DANIELS.

On March 5th the following was written by the medium while in the unconscious trance:

DEAR FRIENDS OF JACKSON COUNTY.—I have come to tell you not to hang that man on suspicion. He is not guilty of murder. There are three persons concerned in it. Sheriff Jacobs is a man of truth. He must ask the spirits that come to the cell. They will tell him the circumstances of the murder.

JUDGE EDMONDS.

I asked and had the privilege to be locked up in the haunted cell for one night, but being disappointed in my anticipated interview with the spiritual visitors, I again went to the medium and received the following answer:

We were with the Governor of Oregon last night trying to impress him to act right for the prisoner. The Governor is kind, but there were so many false oaths on the trial that it is hard for him to counteract them.

I then asked if I could do anything more in the case, and received the following answer from the spirit:

Write to the Governor.

So I wrote to Gov. Moody as follows:

DEAR SIR.—The prisoner, O'Neal, is condemned by circumstantial evidence, and as there is a possibility that the witness, the jury, and the judge, may all have made a fatal mistake, which you alone can correct, I therefore respectfully ask that you will reprove him, for one month, to test the truth of additional evidence, which can be given.

JOHN BEESON.

TALLENT, Oregon.

After some delay at the Executive office, and the exchange of several telegrams, it was decided "that the condemned man has had every opportunity to disprove his guilt, which a fair and impartial trial by jury could afford; and that so far as it be possible to prove a deed by evidence, other than that by an actual witness, the condemned man has been proven guilty of a deliberately planned and intelligently executed murder—a murder which fills to the fullest extent the measure of crime, which under our laws demand the execution of the criminal."

Yours truly,

JOHN BEESON.
TALLENT, Oregon, March 15, '86.

THE EARLY JEWS.—In Rome during the whole eighteenth century it was a strict rule that the Jews should visit a certain church on certain days to listen to sermons on the Christian religion. Gregory XIII., so far back as 1572, issued a decree that the Jews should be forced to hear a sermon weekly. A Jewish convert introduced this custom. On the Jewish Sabbath the priests proceeded to the Ghetto and drove the Jews to church with whips.

Men, women and children—if the latter were above twelve years of age—must appear to the number of one hundred males and fifty females, but the number was eventually raised to three hundred. At the church door an inspector counted the persons who entered, while in the church itself the shirri made the people attentive, and if any Jew was careless or sleepy, he was aroused by blows and kicks. A Dominican generally preached, and he took care to select a text from the lesson the Jews had just before listened to in the synagogue. The host was always carefully removed from the altar upon these occasions. These services were, at the outset, held in the Church of San Benedetto ala Regola, but afterward in the Church of San Angelo, in Pescaria, which is built on the ruins of the Aula Octavia, and is the spot where Cola Rienzi first held his enthusiastic address to the Romans. Eventually the services were limited to five times a year, and the custom was dying a natural death when Leo XII., Genga, reigned in 1824. It was finally abolished in the first year of Pio Nono's papacy.

GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1886.

A CHANCE FOR DECENCY.

In the recent affirmation by the Supreme Court of the right of local option in the matter of high or low license in the sale of intoxicating liquor, a chance for decency is placed in the reach of the voters of every municipal corporation in the State. If the majority declare that the license shall be five hundred or a thousand dollars a year, that settles the matter.

Now, it is generally conceded that high license, although considered by some as a compromise with evil, operates to close up many of the doggeries, and that, surely, is a public benefit. If made high enough it would certainly close them all. But in communities where the greater good can not be accomplished, temperance people must be contented with the lesser. They should insist upon as high a license as the people will stand, and then hide their time for another raise, and keep raising it until the vile traffic in alcohol, that is filling the land with pauperism and misery of every kind, is completely abolished.

In the beautiful little interior city of San Jose, where not less than one hundred and twenty-five whisky dens are running night and day, and dragging down to destruction young and old alike—many a mother's darling and a wife's support,—the people there are about to vote upon the question of largely increasing the liquor license tax—from fifteen to one hundred dollars (we think that is the figure) per quarter. It ought to be made one thousand dollars, at least, per annum; but the lesser sum is vastly better than the old rates. But it is a grave question whether even this will carry, owing, no doubt, mainly, to the apathy of the public press, whose managers seem afraid to touch the subject. We would this were not so.

There is a vast difference between this kind of local option and that which our Supreme Court declared to be unconstitutional some eight or ten years ago. It is the difference between a law that can be made to stick and one that can not. Temperance people, and all who believe the traffic in intoxicants is a curse to humanity, can now work with a will, and to some definite end.

We hope the people of San Francisco, and every other city in the State, may have an opportunity to vote on a similar proposition.

CAST UPON THE WATERS.

"We never do ourselves so much good as when we are at least trying to do good to others." Alas! it is too often only "trying," since those who have the best wills have not the means, and the will is not always taken for the deed.

There is something in poverty—with all its barrenness and manifold disadvantages, that makes one generous and fills the heart with kind impulses. And there is something in wealth that crowds out all this, and fills its place with forgetfulness of all but its own increasing wants. We do not intend to say that all wealth is selfishness, but that it too soon forgets its days of adversity, and those still remaining to others, to do what it might without robbing itself of a cent. If all who have toiled fifteen years, or even ten years of their lives, had placed a margin between their earnings and expenditures, there would be no real poverty among them.

But very few competencies are gained in this way—they rather come by speculation or bequests from deceased relatives. Such means has the reputation of not staying long by its possessor. But it often proves more lasting than that gained by toil. There are men living to-day who have earned thousands on thousands of dollars that have been poured out to others in kindness and charity, but the "bread cast upon the waters" does not come back to them.

CONSOLATION.—In the Catholic religion is there perfect resignation to death. To mourn and regret is to them rebellion against God's will, so they grieve not, neither are they cast down in sadness. So much cheerfulness in the presence of death is not found even among Spiritualists, who believe in the continued presence of the invisible ones gone from their gaze. This is where religion is stronger than philosophy, save in exceptional natures. We all know death is not destruction, but harvesting—a gathering home; but, to most eyes, tears will come when they look their last upon a form that has traveled side by side with them down the path of years. The rest of life's journey, whatever it may be, is to be gone on with alone—alone indeed, too often, for there are losses never to be repaired, and voids that can never be filled this side of the grave. Desolated lives meet and mingle in earth's throngs, but never blend. Many of them find consolation in religion, but all in work—all-absorbing work; that fills mind, heart and soul with its usefulness. Blessed is work in sorrow!

SEARCHING FOR TRUTH.

No one can well afford to believe an error, or allow himself to be deceived in any matter affecting his physical or spiritual welfare. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is, or should be, the end and aim of all, and especially of every earnest and honest soul. Life is too short to waste any of its precious opportunities in the pursuit of aught that does not lead in the direction of the soul's highest welfare. All bigotry and intolerance, therefore, are hurtful, in that they retard the soul's growth, and the true spiritual unfoldment.

To believe or live an error is to wander away from the right path, every step of which departure has to be retraced, some time and somewhere, and the face be set in the right direction; and this return to the right way—this readjustment of man to the truth—is often attended with sore pain and sorrow. Far better that we know the right from the start and never depart therefrom. It saves one, often, a world of woe in this life, and the stern necessity for making up lost time in the next.

But one may not always know which is the right way,—there is so much to obscure one's vision and mislead both in one's own perverted and undeveloped nature and in his surroundings. But that is one's misfortune. The effects of error, though committed in ignorance, are just as hurtful as though an act of intelligent volition. Fire burns just the same, whether one jumps, or is pushed into the flames; and poison kills as surely when taken accidentally as with fell intent.

Hence, it is of the utmost importance that we know the truth; and this knowledge can only be obtained by patient research, coupled with a sincere desire therefor. Seek diligently and ye shall find, is a command which, if faithfully obeyed, never fails of its reward.

And this is especially true of all earnest seekers after spiritual truth; for, unlike the search for knowledge in physical matters, the spirit world meets the honest inquirer fully half way, and sometimes its grand truths are impinged upon his consciousness unbidden, and wholly without effort on his part.

Spiritualists are favored far above all other seekers after spiritual things. They have been admitted, as it were, into the inner temple, the holy of holies, where they have been permitted to hold communion with the spirits of the departed, and come into close relationship with the divine Spirit of Nature. They ought to profit by such grand opportunities more than they do, and illustrate, in their own lives and conduct, the beautiful lessons of wisdom and goodness which they have received from the world of souls.

SERIOUS RUCTION.

While it is not often that we care to bother our readers with local matters, other than those pertaining to our line of work, yet we can not well refrain from referring to an institution located in this city, in which the State at large is supposed to have some considerable interest.

Our last Legislature appropriated the sum of ten thousand dollars for the development of the silk industry in California. A Board of Trustees, of which Mrs. O. M. Washburn was President, was appointed to carry out the provisions of the law. (We may add, parenthetically, that it was mainly due to the personal efforts of this lady that the appropriation was obtained.)

Among the first steps in the work was the securing of suitable rooms at No. 21 Montgomery avenue, the fitting up of an office, and the opening of a school, or filature, for instruction in the art of silk-reeling. A competent teacher was employed, and soon a large class of girls was in regular attendance, fitting themselves to impart instruction to others.

The Board, needing a clerk, and there being no provision for paying for such services, the writer accepted the position temporarily in consideration of the use of a well-furnished office for his editorial room—a serious mistake which he was glad to rectify a few months later.

Everything went on swimmingly for awhile. Mrs. Washburn gave her entire time to the work gratuitously, the only members of the Board receiving pay being Mr. Carter, who, since last July, has drawn over \$200 as mileage, in attending the monthly meetings of the Board, coming all the way from the adjoining county of Contra Costa,—and Mrs. Rienzi, another considerable sum, for coming from the remote province of Berkeley! The sublime selfishness of this latter member of the Board was particularly manifest in her every public act. Her object seemed to be how best to prevent the payment of worthy employees of the Board, and at the same time how to secure the largest advantages to herself.

The President retired temporarily from the active management of the work, last Fall, to take a three months' trip to the East, partly in the interests of the State. Soon after her return she resigned the Presidency, but still continued her interest in the school, acting as Chairman of the Executive Committee. In the meantime it was apparent that mischief was at work undermining the usefulness of the Filature, and it was not difficult to determine who was responsible thereto.

Without going into details and showing up, as we would like, the miserable manipulations of the marplots to break up the school, we will pass on to more interesting matters.

On Saturday last an effort was made to close the school for one week, and to discharge the

teachers. Mrs. Washburn and Mrs. Chase (the only other member of the Board present friendly to the school) seeing that they were unable to avert the calamity, withdrew and left the Board without a quorum. Mrs. Rienzi, who was not even a member of the Filature Committee, then attempted to usurp the authority of the Board, and to close the school, which she had about as much right to do as the writer of this screed. On Saturday evening she notified the teachers that they could "take a walk." She then locked up the building and departed.

On Monday morning Mrs. Washburn, who clearly understood the situation, was on hand, removed the locks from the doors and opened the school as usual. Then came Mrs. Rienzi, in Mrs. W.'s absence, and tried to dismiss the school, but the teacher, obeying higher authority, would not dismiss worth a cent. Then she waxed wrath, stamped her foot, and demanded the keys of the teacher, who stamped her foot in return, and refused. She then, after the close of the school for the day, and the teacher and pupils had left, doctored the locks so that the keys would not work.

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Washburn was again promptly on hand, and, forcing the locks again, opened the school as usual. Then Mrs. Rienzi brought an attorney upon the scene with a view to having a case of burglary made out against Mrs. Washburn for breaking into her own office! The attorney thought not, and so Mrs. Washburn was left in possession of the situation. She placed her own locks upon the doors, and, at last accounts, "all was quiet on the Potomac." We await with anxiety the next news from the seat of war.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

We took a run down to San Jose last Sunday, and enjoyed the balm and breath of the soft and gentle air that sweeps over fields of filaree, and a broad expanse of growing grass and grain. The country is simply charming at this time. The peach and almond trees are in bloom, and the wild poppy says, Come, let us romp together in the fragrant clover. But, returning, as we did, the same day, we had but little time for lazy dalliance by the way. We enjoyed, for a brief period, the delightful hospitality of that grand pioneer in spiritual thought and philosophy, Hon. E. O. Smith, whose busy and successful life is ripening in the yellow glow of the Autumn sun. Such abiding trust in the wisdom and goodness of the All-Father, and such ripe experiences in the evidences that tell to a certainty of a life to come, are good for all skeptical souls. Death to such a man is simply to "lie down to pleasant dreams," and awaken in the morning to the glory of a new day.

San Jose is keeping step to the march of improvement; new buildings appear on every hand, and the people seem to be prospering, as they deserve. That child of our humble creation, the electric light tower, spanning the two principal business streets of the city, still lifts its proud summit into the upper air—unlike any other structure in the universe. It is a beautiful public ornament, symmetrical and grand, and speaks well for the liberal-hearted people who put their hands into their pockets and helped us to construct it.

The GOLDEN GATE, of course, has many readers in San Jose, and the cause of Spiritualism is making headway among the thinking classes. But we must pass on.

THE CAMP GROUND.

On Monday last, in company with Hon. Amos Adams, Vice-President of the Board of Directors of the State Camp-meeting Association, we visited the grounds selected for the State meeting in June. They are located at the corner of Twelfth and Oak streets, Oakland, within five narrow blocks from the Oak-street station (wide gauge), and about the same distance from the last station of the Narrow Gauge railroad. A line of horse cars also passes by the grounds.

A more desirable place could not well be found for the purpose intended, and certainly now so convenient of access to the large numbers from this city who will be likely to attend. The grounds border on Lake Merritt, and take in a wide range of delightful suburban scenery, including a background of beautiful rolling hills. They will be provided with good water, electric lights and every convenience for camping out. They will be enclosed with a high fence on three sides, leaving the lake view unobstructed.

The main tent will be 60x80 feet in dimensions. There is ample room for all the private tents that will be likely to be needed; besides, excellent accommodations for boarding at moderate rates can be had close by.

To those from a distance the proximity of the location to San Francisco will prove of much advantage, as every visitor will naturally wish to take in the city. Here are the theatres, the operas, the art galleries, the great libraries, and many other attractions of more or less interest to all strangers.

Visitors from abroad should bring their tents, bedding, and necessary conveniences for camp life, and come prepared to stay the entire month. Thus their expenses will be inconsiderable. They will return to their homes rested, refreshed, and benefited in many ways. If they have no tents of their own they can be furnished on the ground at a moderate cost.

The management guarantee perfect order. Good sports will be in attendance, and no doubt many mediums also. The rostrum will be under the control of the Directors, and no one will be permitted to occupy it at any time except by their permission.

It is yet some ten weeks before the State meeting. We shall have ample time to discuss the matter and keep our readers posted in all that relates thereto. It should be borne in mind that the grounds during the meeting are not for the use of Spiritualists only. Any worthy people may come and set up their tents, and enjoy the occasion with the rest.

A TEST SEANCE.

On Wednesday evening last we, (the editor and his assistant) formed two of a harmonious party of eight to witness, under test conditions, the newly developed manifestations occurring in the presence of those remarkable mediums for spirit power, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans, at 1244 Mission street.

The cabinet used was a bay window fronting on the street, which was accessible from the outside only by means of a ladder. Close-fitting screens of black cloth were placed inside the shutters, to exclude the light from the street, and which, if removed, it was found, could not be replaced without a light and the use of a step-ladder. The folding-doors, and the only other door leading to the hall, were locked and sealed; in fact, the precautions against confederacy were such that no one present believed such a thing possible.

In the dark circle both mediums were securely held by members of the circle, and yet an accordion and guitar were artistically played upon, other instruments were manipulated, luminous hands were shown, and the fact of the manifestation of a marvelous occult power was beyond question by all present.

In the light seance which followed Mrs. Evans took her seat in the alcove, and in a few moments a broad-shouldered, muscular form, purporting to be John King, of psychic fame, stepped out in a good light. His hand, which we were permitted to grasp, was brawny and his features strong and well marked. Stepping back into the cabinet to regain strength he came out again, and others were introduced to him. Then, although the light was ample to enable all to see him quite distinctly, and know of a certainty that it was a large man and not the medium, Mr. Evans, who acted as master of ceremonies, lighted a parlor match and held it so the light shone directly upon the form. The curtain was then drawn aside and both man and medium were distinctly seen.

Two other forms came out together—one that of a very old man and one of a young woman; then two female spirits, and all in a good light. There were the forms of children and grown persons, twenty or more, some coming up apparently through the floor in the middle of the room, and most of whom were recognized and saluted by their friends present.

During the past winter at Mr. Evans' seances for form manifestations, (Mrs. Evans being unable from ill health to take part, and the medium being, as was supposed, safely secured in his cabinet), the form of an Indian, known as "Jim," came regularly. This form was about the size of Mr. Evans, and some of the attendants at the circle concluded that the form and the medium were one and the same. But on Wednesday evening this same familiar form appeared several times, with Mr. Evans in plain sight at the same time. That was a very satisfactory point in Mr. Evans' favor.

We can only say that of the many materializing seances we have attended, first and last, we have attended none where the evidences of genuineness seemed to us so conclusive. But in this, as in all other phases of the phenomena, everybody must see and judge for themselves.

SUCCESS.

Although but seven years have passed since the women of Russia were allowed to pursue a university course of study, and this in a private way, they now have one of the finest, if not the finest, universities in the world that is designed exclusively for women. The cost of the building was over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the sum being raised by subscription throughout the empire, concerning which there are two things that are not a little strange: One is that the Czar did not subscribe a cent towards it. Another, that eight thousand dollars of the amount was contributed by Siberia, which fact should place that country several steps higher on the ladder of fame in the outer world's estimate. On the dedication of the building last October about six hundred young women entered at once upon the pursuit of liberal studies, which number up to the present time is over seven hundred. It employs twenty professors, who give instruction in literature, history, classical and modern languages, mathematics, astronomy, anatomy, physiology, geology, chemistry, mineralogy and physics. The tuition fee is very moderate, being only forty dollars per annum.

Considering the great difficulties Russian women have met on their way to this temple of learning in the most stubborn of imperial opposition, their success is phenomenal, and should give hope and courage to women of all benighted lands. In a conspicuous place has been placed a large portrait of the Czar, which may help him to think enough better of himself to redeem his reputation in the minds of his country women.

A CHOICE.

A proper course of education is that which strengthens and fortifies the entire man or woman, physically as well as mentally. Whatever pursuit one may engage in, knowledge, though it may not bear particularly upon the business in hand, is a helper; and it is one of the good signs of the times that graduated men from our colleges and universities are no longer expected to choose strictly professional vocations, but the whole field of business is open to them. Thus, if they find themselves unsuccessful in one thing, they have the choice of another, and still another, so that life-failures among the educated class that have so often recorded themselves in the past, will become rare exceptions in the future. Nothing is more pitiable than the sight of a strong, able-bodied man, bound to a profession, for better or for worse. It is not always so easy for a woman to "find her sphere," especially if bound by home ties, though in clinging to and maintaining these she may often lead the most monotonous and barren existence possible. She may half starve in faithfully doing what comes to hand, yet not be able to seek for more remunerative work.

Not all labor is fruitful in result; it is therefore but wise, before setting out on a course of toil, or pursuit of an aim, to question closely if the end will justify the means—if our labor will gain the object sought. The stone-cutter and lapidary may work side by side, equally hard and industriously, but the value of the two is quite unequal. The worth of a thing is not always in proportion to the labor it involves. Many a life is spent in endless toil that would be better in idleness, for if the body rested, the mind might make a better substitute.

—India presents an obstacle to missionary

work not found in other so-called heathen lands. It is the native publishing firm at Salma which translates European free thought works as fast as they appear, scattering them abroad in the various languages of the country. Such being the case, missionaries are there a superfluity. When a people progress so far as to create such a business as a free-thought publishing house, they are fully competent to work out their salvation, not "in fear and trembling," but in hope and joy.

—Nevada is much loved by the Mormons, so

much that it is said they have laid a plan to capture it by a flood of immigration, hoping thereby

to ultimately command a majority at the polls,

thus preventing further interference by the

United States. It is thought that such a scheme

could be effected, without lessening their hold on

Utah; but if Nevada took a notion it is not im-

probable that she could retard, if not make it

very difficult for the saints to establish themselves

on her domain. There is a difference between

religious freedom and polygamy that does not

reconcile outside of Salt Lake.

—Numerous good works everywhere are struggling for continuance to-day, the means that set them in operation having been nearly or quite exhausted; and they live to-day not knowing but that to-morrow they die. Often are they revived when at their last gasp by a few dollars sent by the prompting of a good angel. Nine hundred and seventy-three thousand dollars are contributed in the meantime to stimulate the "noble industry of horse racing!"

—Kansas farmers have taken to buffalo raising. One company is paying fifty dollars a head for buffalo calves. Buffalo robes in that country are sold for fifteen and twenty dollars apiece; and buffalo steak at twelve cents a pound in Dodge City. Millions of these creatures have been slaughtered for sport in the last dozen years. Like everything else that is scarce, they are becoming valuable. All who have eaten their flesh pronounce it to be better than that of domesticated cattle.

—The oldest woman, the oldest Mason, the oldest pioneer, and Washington's body servant, will have to go slow now since the oldest printer has commenced to die. The former has been dying so long that the latter will doubtless put in the last obituary. Still, there is no knowing what the wooded recesses of the Southern States may bring to light in the next ten years. There are homes there that have not yet made the acquaintance of the newspaper, and when the prying reporter finds his way into them, there will be new revelations.

—President Cleveland has a regard for personal feelings that does not appear to be understood. His refusal to give the reasons for official removals is certainly prompted by a better spirit than the press gives him credit for. It appears to us that the President has been a model head of government so far; and as to the causes of removals, if he refuses to tell, those removed could perhaps enlighten the Senate and the country, if pressed to do so. It is a wise dominie who does not discuss the faults of his pupils, and all know he does not encourage telling tales out of school.

[Transcribed for the Golden Gate.]

Why Be Discouraged?

[Written by the spirit wife of H. H. Kenyon, of St. Paul, Minnesota.]

TO MY DEAR ONES IN EARTH LIFE:—As night comes with her mantle of darkness, casting a restful influence around you, and closing the door to outward tumult, there will come thoughts of what you have accomplished and failed to accomplish during the days that have passed; many times you have planned very carefully and thought success would surely follow, but some unforeseen influence has frustrated your plans and disappointment came to you. At these times you think that no one meets disappointments so often as you do—such is the common lot of all in earth life,—many disappointments come from actual want of experience, could you pass through earth life the second time and have the experiences of one life, there would be very few of these disappointments, for you would never stumble over the same stones the second time. Notwithstanding all these apparent failures, you go on planning, working, hoping for the victory of happiness that all are seeking. Years come and go without gaining the condition hoped for; one disappointment follows another, causing loss of courage and strength, till you feel ready to give up the struggle; at such times there comes a ray of hope to you from some source, and you feel determined to go on and not give up; at such times we come very near to our loved ones, giving hopeful thoughts, doing all that we can to uplift and help in the new endeavor to succeed, and we rejoice when success follows you. We come to help our loved ones avoid the disappointments that are in every path. We come to help you shun the wrong and keep in the right way.

Earth life is simply a school to prepare you for a more glorious one in the spirit world. There are two common paths in mortal life; one strewn with good deeds done to your fellow traveler, and the other with the selfish deeds done as you journey on. All are living in the light or dark just in proportion as the helping hand is extended to your fellow-man. It is the worker for the good and true that enjoys perfect rest in the spirit world.

Idle hands frequently find much to do in earth life that will fill the new life with unhappiness. Each and all have individual work to do: first, earth work; second, spiritual labor. If the first is not accomplished while in the proper sphere, the second can not be immediately entered into; if the earth life is one of truthfulness and charity, happiness will surely come to you in the realms above.

Without hope and the loving care of loved ones in the Great Beyond, life on earth would be one of sorrow and darkness, and we rejoice that you realize that you are never forsaken by us. Faint nor weary in well doing, for the time will surely come when your earth work will be done; then you will know that many of the apparent failures in earth life were for the best, and served as a lesson; then you will be ready to enter into the new life, fully prepared to enjoy all your hearts have hoped for; then you will experience the glorious resurrection that awaits all the faithful.

We long to throw open the gate and welcome you to a home prepared for you by many loving hands. Then the gloom will have passed away and you will live forever with us in this world of light and

restfulness, surrounded by loving ones who are patiently waiting for your earth work to be fully done. Then your darling "Little Sunshine," and myself will meet you at the heavenly gate and lead you one by one through more beautiful places than you can imagine. Mortal mind can not comprehend the beauties of this, our spirit home.

Yes, dear ones, our loving care is ever with you. Hope on, hope ever, never doubting that we enjoy happiness, and always strive to lighten every sorrow that comes to you in the school of earth life.

ADELAIDE.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Cultivate Cheerfulness.

We believe all true Spiritualists understand the great value of cheerfulness. If they do not, all who have made health and health-reform a study, do understand the priceless value of cheerfulness. To be sure we are in a world full of sorrow and trouble, we are living in an era where grave questions are pressing upon us for solution,—an age which in its unfoldment is destined to mark this era as distinct from all previous periods in the world's history, by the advancement we shall make in all high and noble progress upward and onward in the great realm of science, both in nature and man. But these are not good reasons, which should compel us to walk with bowed head and face drawn down to a dreadful dyspeptic length. Sorrow is not going to do our work for each other. We may sympathize and meditate, confer together as individual souls or as societies, how best to meet these great issues. We may shed tears of pity, and calmly, reverently, listen to recitals of woe and pain. We may give our strength, magnetic, our means, material, so far as able, but let us not forget that our duties to our fellow mortals should not lie in the pathway of health and good digestion with attendant cheerfulness. Because our brother and sister is in trouble, because society has great troubles, questions to meet, is no good reason that we must not smile or even waste a golden moment now and then to light and airy repartee. I believe we owe our fellow mortals a smiling face; we owe each other a kindly, hopeful word at least, to help us forget the shady side of life, which all are forced to bear in this great unequal struggle between spirituality and materiality. A great, long, gloomy face, is a relic of old orthodoxy, which ever stood face to face with the "wrath of God," and is a positive disgrace to a true Spiritualist, for we are out of the gloomy portals now, and we are out in the sunshine of God's love, and we have found loving, cheerful companions in the host of invisibles; we have found that by keeping our lives cheerful, and hopeful and content,—even though rough winds blow, and storms beat without,—if within rests a soul "at one" with God, at peace with God, that nothing can move us, and we can smile and wait, and wait and smile, knowing of surely that we are surrounded by departed sage and philosopher, who commune by day and night and lift the soul by this silent companionship above the dross and fear of material things;—knowing that this countless throng comes flocking to us through every bright and beautiful thought, and earnest endeavor, thrilling us, filling us with divine, holy happiness which causes the face to shine as if touched by a spark from the eternal altar fires, glowing brightly in the temples of the most high. Let us then carry a face wreathed in smiles, let us carry a kind cheery word to the lowliest, to all human kind, it costs nothing, and carries such a world of strength. Let us cultivate cheerfulness, and go singing on our way, singing as we tell humanity of the beatitudes of our beautiful life-giving religion, which is a perennial fountain of youth; which has within its ample storehouse food and raiment for the naked and hungry, which will cause them to smile, and laugh, and shout, with hallelujahs and thanksgivings because—because we shall live, and love, and progress forever and forever—not a few, but *all*, *all*, high and low, bond and free, have or may have this glorious hope, found only in the study, and contemplation, and knowledge of this beautiful philosophy.

E. C. WMS.—PATTERSON.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

Portland, Maine, has 200 men possessing \$100,000 to \$2,000,000 each.

Birmingham, England, still makes flintlock muskets for use in the interior of Africa.

It takes but six minutes now to send a cable message to London and to get the answer.

The late John B. Gough delivered 8,600 lectures. One year he lectured 386 times.

In Siam, it is said, a wife who redeems her husband after he has sold himself at gambling, owns him thereafter as a chattel.

A colored woman, Miss Carrie Bragg, is editor of the Virginia *Lancet*, published in Petersburg, Va.,—the only newspaper in the Union conducted by a colored woman.

Some of the money made in Northern cities by electric Lulu Hurst went to buy

Jersey cattle for Father Hurst's farm, and he is selling Georgians an excellent quality of butter.

Mrs. Langtry is busy storing away her wealth in New York City. She has gradually been adding to her investments in mortgages in that city, until she holds over \$150,000.

Dakota has two Judges named Church, one appointed several years ago and the other recently. To prevent confusion they are designated as the new Church and the old Church.

Georgia's great swamp, the Okefenokee, can easily be reclaimed by drainage into the St. Mary's River, only a few miles distant, and a magnificent area of land made ready for the plow. Great sections of swamp land in Florida have been reclaimed by methodical drainage carried out by a company formed for the purpose.

Two little Cleveland lads, whose father is in the workhouse and whose mother is dead, keep house alone, the elder doing all the housework as well as the average housekeeper can do it. He says that before his mother died she taught him housework, saying that after she was dead she wanted him to take care of his father and little brother.

TWO REMARKABLE CURES.

J. C. BATDORF, M. D., JACKSON, MICHIGAN:—In the early part of the year 1884 I was attacked with a Kidney disease, which soon became so severe that I was forced to give up working at my trade and was confined much of my time to the bed. I consulted all the doctors in town, taking medicine from four but without any benefit; in fact I grew steadily worse for five months that it was thought by several that my disease had developed into a hopeless case of Bright's Disease. In this unhappy and suffering condition my attention was called by a friend to your method of diagnosing disease by lock of hair. I sent immediately for a diagnosis, was pleased with its accuracy and sent for your magnetic remedies. After using the medicine about two weeks, complying with all your directions, the relief was so great that I began light work in my shop, and at the end of a month felt about as well as I ever did. I took two months' treatment to insure a permanent cure. I have been a well man now for fourteen months with the ability to do all the heavy work in my shop that is necessary. Your remedies have indeed been a blessing to me, and I believe others so afflicted would be equally benefited by using your remedies. Yours in truth,

M. GIBNEY.

Anderson, Grimes County, Texas.

Sept. 16, 1885.

J. C. BATDORF, M. D.—*Dear Sir:* Your magnetic remedies have entirely cured me of a terrible stomach disease which had become so painful at times that it seemed as though I could not live, and I can safely recommend your treatment to all suffering from diseases of any kind. I have worked very hard and am prostrated with nervousness and a pain and weakness in the lower part of my back; troubled also with dizziness by spells. Will you please send another month's treatment for same. I enclose \$1.10, price for the medicine. Please address Mrs. Melissa E. Luits, Coloma, Berrien county, Michigan.

COLOMA, February 13, 1886.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists will be held Sunday, April 11, 1886, at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, at 2 P. M., for election of a Board of Directors, and such other business as may be properly brought before it. S. B. CLARK, Secretary *pro tem.*

mar 25-31

MR. AND MRS. FRED EVANS.

These popular young mediums will hold their interesting seances for full form materialization, independent slate-writing and physical manifestations on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock sharp. Mediums sit in audience room. Seats may be secured in advance by calling or addressing Fred Evans 1244 Mission street.

GOLDEN GATE EUROPEAN AGENCY.

H. H. KERSEY, No. 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will act as agent in England for the GOLDEN GATE, during the absence of J. J. Morse, receiving subscriptions therefore at 1s 6d per annum, exclusive of postage.

mar 25-31

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, at Metropolitan Temple, under the direction of the Preliminary and Acquaintance Lecturers, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, March 25th. Anniversary exercises at 11 a. m.; Lecture in the evening at 7:45. Subject: "The Spirit Side of Life." The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

SPIRITUALISM.—"Light and Truth"—At Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Every Sunday evening there will be a conference and fact meeting, closing with a test seance by mediums of a variety of phases. Sunday evening, March 28th, opening address by Mrs. Hendee, followed by short speeches, and closing with test circle by Mrs. Foye.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists," at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, every Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. Tests by Mrs. Whitney. All are invited.

N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m. Contributions of books and money solicited.

THE OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.—Mets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at Grand Army Hall, 419 Thirteenth street. Public cordially invited. Direct all communications to G. A. Carter, 360 Eighth street, Oakland.

DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN Return to Mortals? Mrs. E. R. Herbert, a spirit Medium, gives sittings daily from 12 to 4 p. m., (Sunday excepted), at No. 418 Twelfth street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. nos 8

LIBERTY HALL SPIRITUAL SOCIETY meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Liberty Hall, Bush street, near Market street local railroad station, at Oakland. All are invited. Admission, free. Dr. Poulsen, Lecturer. Marshall Curtis, President.

MEDIUMS' UNION SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.—At St. Andrew's Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, every Wednesday evening. Good speakers and mediums present. Admission free.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE "DOMESTIC."



From its position AT THE HEAD, the

"DOMESTIC,"

AFFORDS A SHINING EXAMPLE OF WHAT AN HONEST EFFORT TO MAKE THE BEST WILL DO.

J. W. EVANS,
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LECTURES.

MENTAL CURE!

AT SERIES OF FOUR LECTURES.

Redmen's Hall, No. 320 Post Street,

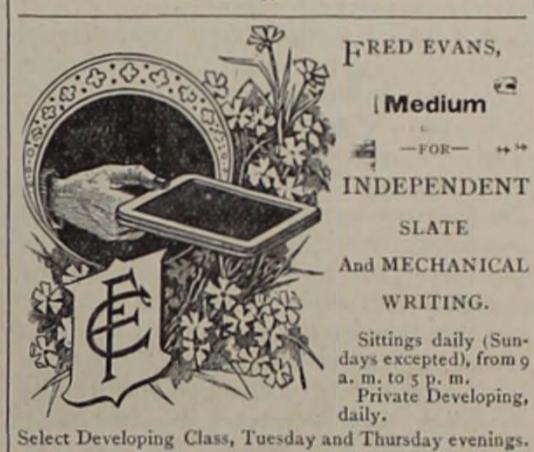
At 7:30 o'clock p. m.,

BY SARAH A. HARRIS,

Teacher and Practitioner.

1. March 15th—"What is Mental Cure?"
2. March 22d—"Function of Imagination in the Cure of Disease."
3. March 29th—"Fixed Modes of Thought in Chronic Disease."
4. April 5th—"Prayer and Faith Cure."

SINGLE TICKETS, 25 CTS. COURSE, 75 CTS. Tickets can be had at Mrs. HARRIS' office, 126 Kearny street, room 17, or at the door.



FRED EVANS,

Medium

FOR

INDEPENDENT

Slate

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WRITING.

Sittings daily (Sundays excepted), from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Private Developing, daily.

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No. 1244 Mission Street, San Francisco.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

EXERCISES IN COMMEMORATION OF ITS

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY.

BY THE

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS,

At Washington Hall, 35 Eddy Street,

SUNDAY, March 28th, commencing at 1 o'clock, P. M.

MUSIC, : : : : : CONGREGATION

INVOCATION AND FRATERNAL WELCOME, : : : : : MRS. E. F. MCKINLEY

POEM, : : : : : MRS. E. PRICE

MUSIC-Solo, : : : : : MRS. CARRIE MINER

Short Addresses by

E. Fair, Mrs. J. Schlessinger, James Battersby,

Mrs. Eggert Aitken, Mr. Cooleidge, Mrs. J. M.

Mason, J. A. Collins, Mrs. R. H. Wilson, E.

Robert Dale Owen.

(From the Bureau of Light Message Department.)
I greet you, Mr. Chairman, with grace and cheer, as I would greet all my spiritualistic friends on this plane of life, as I would greet all humanity could I come in contact with it.

I was present at your last seance, quite ready to say a word to a friend whom I saw present, but the privilege was not for me at that hour, there being other spirits here who certainly needed to manifest more than I did. That friend is from the Pacific slope, and there I have conversed with him through medial agencies. I have not only manifested in California, through those mediums whose hands I can use as machines and whose brain and vocal powers are sometimes at my service, but I have also been privileged to step forth in materialized form and give greeting to those earnest investigators into the spiritual phenomena who desire to know the truth for themselves. I speak understandingly, and know that I am only speaking the truth; for this phase, as well as other phases of mediumship, is an established fact in my knowledge.

I have taken advantage of it since passing to the spirit-world, as I investigated and became interested in it previous to my departure from the earthly body. I understand it somewhat better than I did here. I could not possibly be mistaken or misled in relation to it now, because I have searched into its claims from the inner life, and I realize just how far they are worthy of attention.

While I recognize the importance and grandeur of every phase of mediumship, and while I pay due acknowledgment to the work performed by every earnest soul in spreading the gospel of truth as revealed by Spiritualism, yet I still think that the materialization of the spirit-form, so that it can be seen, weighed and handled by mortals, thus bringing indestructible evidence of a future life to mourning, sorrowing hearts, is the crowning phase of this most wonderful truth. But I can see, from my position in the spirit-world, that it has, at times, been sadly perverted, misconstrued and misunderstood, both by its mediums and by those who have sought to learn something of it from the material side.

In the beginning, in its incipient stage, this materializing power promised rare and wonderful unfoldments for the comprehension of mortals; it prophesied that the time would not be far distant when spirits would have the power of so clothing themselves upon with matter as to step out into full view of their earthly friends, and be able to converse and to take part with them in their exercises and their home life; and I believe that this will yet be accomplished. But this beautiful phase has not been received, by either its instruments or those to whom it appealed, in the spirit that it should have been; it has been misrepresented and misunderstood, as I said before; some have entered upon its investigation from motives of curiosity, or less worthy ones; some mediums have eagerly sought its power for their own aggrandizement, for the purpose of enriching their pockets, and gaining personal popularity, but not at all thinking or caring for the true spiritual unfoldment of their own natures, and the exaltation of those who came to them seeking for truth; not at all caring whether the cause was glorified or debased by the manner in which these things were put forth, and so this particular and peculiar condition of mediumistic unfoldment has, if not been set back, at least been kept at a standstill, and has not unfolded in that special department of spiritual beauty and utility that it was destined to.

I speak of this because my heart is in the work, because I am deeply interested in the glorification of humanity through the higher and sweeter powers of the spirit. It seems to me that man can be uplifted from his lowly, ignorant, degraded condition, from superstition and error, more fully, by the revelations and the living power of Spiritualism, than by any other means. I do wish to see mankind beatified, exalted, raised up. I do long for the day to dawn when misery, and oppression, and wrong-doing shall cease on this plane of life; when they will be relegated back to the dark ages where they belong; when humanity will stand upon such a plane as will challenge the admiration even of the angels themselves, and every earnest worker on earth must combine their forces and work together in love and harmony, each one looking toward the general good, if they desire this state of things to come.

I send my greeting to all friends in every part of the country. I would have them know how interested I am in them, personally and collectively, how pleased I can be at knowing they are joining in any good work; that their hearts, their sympathies, their best thoughts go out toward humanity in a helpful way, to bless, to inspire and to instruct. I am always glad when I see them at any time putting forth aspirations and desires to learn, to grow, spiritually and mentally, to become large in thought and expansive in ideas; it does me good to find them gaining in this way, and I know that as they cultivate such a spirit they will send abroad an influence that must be felt—one strengthening and stimulating in turn.

To the friend whom I would have spoken to in the Circle-Room last week I bring fraternal greeting. I say to him, "I have kept my promise of attending you

from time to time, giving such spiritual influences as I could. I have not remained at one place, nor in connection with one medium, but have spread my influence out, here and there, as I felt it might be utilized. I have talked with you on the good work of spirit-return, and of how rejoiced earnest spirits are whenever they come in contact with a mortal who is alike sincere and who desires to be of use, to spread the truth, to make the world better because he has lived within it; and I can repeat those words, and say again that it gives us great joy to come in contact with any worker, with any individual, however humble he may be, who desires to be helpful and to do good. I will in the future do as I have promised in the past, so far as conditions are provided me."

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

Questions and Answers.

(Through the Mediumship of Miss M. F. Shellhamer, in "Banner of Light.")

QUESTION.—Does the surface of the "Land of the Hereafter" coincide with the surface of the earth? If so, is it not simply the spiritual part of the earth, and maintaining a fixed position with reference to it?

ANSWER.—The surface of the spirit world does correspond to that of the earth, inasmuch as it has elevations and depressions, land and water. There is a spiritual counterpart to this planet, earth, which holds a relative position in reference to it, and also a fixed place in space. Those spirits who return to you speaking of their houses, their lands, their homes and of the beautiful scenery which they enjoy, find their spiritual abiding-place on this spiritual planet the counterpart of this earth.

Q.—Does its axis and that of the earth coincide?

A.—They do.

Q.—We are told that there are different spheres, one above the other. Do they overlay one another, so that one is completely enveloped by another?

A.—There seems to be a confusion of ideas regarding the spheres. Some spirits who return to earth, speaking of the various spheres of spirit-life, mean simply and solely the various gradations of spiritual expansion and development, and as they rise from one condition of soul-attainment to a loftier conception of life, to a more expansive view, and to the understanding of higher and divine labors, they assure you that they have ascended to a higher sphere, which is correct, and yet such spirits may not have changed the locality in which they have been dwelling since passing to the spirit world; they have only increased their ideas and perceptions of the life around them. Other spirits, coming to you, may employ the term sphere in speaking of a change of location, and declare that they have passed from one vicinity to another in the spirit world, taking upon themselves new surroundings and conditions in life. While we assert in reply to the first query, that there is a spiritual counterpart to this planet, earth, and the spiritual counterpart is a land of reality, comprising woods and waters, hills and valleys, and furnishing an abode to those departed spirits who have ascended from the mortal, yet we have also distinctly declared that there are other spiritual worlds in space, inhabitable by exalted and refined intelligences. We do not speak, in our world of spirits, of these worlds as spheres; we do not say that such and such a spirit has passed on to the fourth, fifth, sixth or seventh sphere, although such a spirit may have reaped all the experiences it is possible for him to attain on the spiritual counterpart of this planet, and have ascended to a higher and more exalted spiritual world, there to take up a grander discipline and a larger experience. There are many such worlds. They do not overlap each other, as different strata of the earth overlap one another in the soil of your planet, but they are scattered about in space. As the spirit gains in power, gains an understanding of its own possibilities, and learns to make use of its own interior will-force, as it enlarges and grows above the conditions which surround it on a lower plane, it passes onward to reap still grander experiences in some such world as those of which we speak.

Q.—We are also told that we have houses prepared for us when we pass over. Are those houses located on the surface of the first sphere? and are they permanent, or do they ascend from one sphere to another as we progress?

A.—The homes prepared for you, the homes you are daily engaged in preparing for yourselves—for you are constantly throwing off elements which spirits judge as proper material for the erection of your spiritual homes—you will find on passing from the body in that particular locality of the spirit-life adjacent to this planet to which you are attracted. These homes may be brilliant and refined, they may be possessed of beautiful appointments, and open their hospitable doors to such spirits as are themselves exalted and glorified, or they may be merely hovels, presenting an appearance of decay, or at best as being half finished, as the case may be. If your aspirations are grand, exalted, far-reaching, if you desire to learn and to grow, not only that you may yourself become wise and learned and influential, but that from your attainments you may reach down to others who are ignorant and lowly, and in need or assistance, to help them, to stimulate their powers to give them

light and instruction, then the elements going forth from your lives will be of such a refined character as will enable your spirit-friends to prepare for you beautiful homes, such as even the purest and best will not disdain to enter; but if you are growing in spirit, if you are selfish, proud, ambitious, desiring only the benefits of life for your own aggrandizement, caring not for the elevation of others, those elements passing forth from you daily, will appear dark and unpleasant, and of a perishable nature; they are the best which your friends can gather up for the arrangement of your spirit-home, and such a home as they will prepare and provide, you will find in passing over. As your spirit still continues to grow and to advance in thought, in culture, in aspiration, and in all soul attainments, you will, after having reaped all the experience it is possible for you to attain in your present condition of spiritual life, pass on to some higher world, some grander unfoldment than that you now experience; but you do not remove your home with you; the habitation which has served you for so long will have served its purpose, and in passing on to a higher stage of development you will still find a home prepared for you, one fitted to assimilate with your life and your aspirations, and to provide for you those comforts which your higher nature demands.

Spiritual Preaching For Our Times.

(Edward Hungerford, in the Century.)

However opinions may differ as to the value of present tendencies in the theological world, no one will deny that there is a determined push in the direction of a larger freedom. Call it looseness or license or liberty, the fact is there, indisputable. With it we have to deal. The forces which have held men, whether of human authority backed by a persecuting ecclesiasticism or of ignorance, or of both combined, are no longer sufficient to hold them. In the face of protests men go on asserting the liberty to inquire into all foundation of belief, whether in science, philosophy, or revelation. The nature and sources of authority are inspected. The claims of Scripture, theories of inspiration, former interpretations of Scripture, the historic foundations of Christianity, the life of Jesus and his work and their relation to individual destiny and race destiny, the innermost meaning of salvation, its scope and reach,—all are reviewed and discussed with intense interest, and with the enthusiasm and hope of a fresh liberty. It is useless to attempt the arrest of this. It is part of the life of the age. He is happiest who most clearly sees that freedom of inquiry is the condition of truth.

On the other hand, such freedom is not without its dangers; and the salvation of our present religious thought can only be assured, and healthful results reached, by baptizing that thought in the spirit. The more it feels the pulse of freedom, the more thoroughly must it be pervaded by the sense of the invisible. If such movements are not intensely spiritual, they become rationalistic and skeptical. A rank intellectualism is only a grade higher than materialism. It is the spirit that quickeneth. The Christian Church is passing through great transitions. This is not a sign of decadence, but of an intense life. But change involves crises. Transition periods are critical periods. In guiding the great body of the Church through such transitions, and in order to land the people on a surer basis of faith, the preacher must keep to those spiritual heights where all things are seen in their divinely constituted relations.

A Living Faith.

(George S. Merriam.)

* * * That conception of the soul's access to the higher powers may seem to those accustomed to the idea of a divine revelation to men to include only the human side,—emphasizing man's listening rather than God's speaking. God does indeed speak to his children, and with messages so intimate and dear that each reaches only the one child to whom it is spoken. His messages are the experiences of our personal lives,—the daily familiar experiences of work and play, of the shop and the household, the street and the field,—and those hours, too, which smite the soul with a great sorrow, or lift it to some shining height, or suffice it with inmost tenderness. What in such hours is learned can not be imparted in words. Paul was very wise; and, when he had seen heaven itself open around him, he wrote no account of it whatever, just saying he had heard "unspeakable words, which it is not possible for a man to utter,"—and then went on to say only

that the most unheavenly experience, the heaviest burden, he had found to be somehow transformed into good. They who have heard the "unspeakable words" can seldom say much about them, seldom possess the dangerous gift of eloquence. But when we look upon lives which have ripened in sun and shade, which from adversity have won tenderness, and from joy have gained a gladness that diffuses itself wherever they go, and which, through fullest sympathy with this present life, have come into serene confidence toward the unseen and the future,—in such lives we find the living epistles of a gospel which no theology or philosophy can teach.

DUTIES OF PRESIDENT.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the President to preside in all meetings of the Board of Trustees, to call special meetings of the Board upon the written request of two or more members of the Board, or of ten members of the Society. The President shall appoint such special meetings, at not less than three nor more than ten days from the time such request shall have been made, and due notice thereof shall have been given.

GOLDEN GATE RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

(Incorporated March 4, 1886.)

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION.

Know all men by these presents, that we, the undersigned, have this day voluntarily associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation, under the laws of the state of California. And we hereby certify,

1st. That the name of the corporation is "The Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society of San Francisco."

2d. That the purposes for which it is formed are the employing of lecturers and teachers for the elevation and progress of humanity, and for acquiring and conferring upon them such powers as are usually exercised by religious societies; to receive bequests; to buy and sell real and personal property; to purchase and control, rent or otherwise, suitable lots and buildings, or proper and suitable halls for the meetings of said Society; the formation of a school, or schools, the owning and purchasing of libraries for the use of said schools and Society; and an organization for the more general diffusion of the science, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism.

3d. The place where its principal business is to be transacted is the city and county of San Francisco, State of California.

4th. The term for which it is to exist is fifty years.

5th. The number of its Directors, or Trustees, is ten, and the names and residences of those who are to act as said Directors, or Trustees, and serve until their successors are duly elected, from the date of these articles, are as follows: Frank H. Woods, Abijah Baker, Adolph Weske, J. B. Chase, M. B. Dodge, J. M. Mathews, W. R. S. Foye, J. J. Owen, Mrs. H. E. Robinson, and Mrs. E. E. Staples, all of the city and county to San Francisco.

6th. That the said corporation has no capital stock.

7th. That on the 31st day of January, 1886, after due notice thereof, a meeting was held, at the usual place of meeting of the said Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, to-wit: the Metropolitan Temple, situated on Fifth street, between Market and Mission streets, in the said city and county of San Francisco, for the purpose of incorporating themselves and of electing directors of such corporation; that a majority of the members of the said Society were then and there present and voted at the said election; that at such election the following persons, viz: [the same as given above] were duly elected as directors of the proposed corporation for the first year.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals this 11th day of February, 1886.

Signed and sealed in the presence of J. F. Kingwell.

[Here follow the signatures of the incorporators, with notaries' certificates.]

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES.

Believing,—

1st. That a Beneficent Power and Wise Intelligence pervades and controls the universe, sustaining toward all human beings the intimate relation of parent, whose revelation is nature, whose interpreter is science, and whose most acceptable worship is doing good to all;

2d. That all truth is sacred, and its authority absolute to the individual that apprehends it, but while one may aid another in the perception of truth and duty, no one can determine for another what is truth and duty, hence that each human being must believe and act upon individual responsibility;

3d. That all action, according to its quality, results in suffering or in joy by the operation of inherent laws, physical and spiritual;

4th. That all human beings are destined to a continued individual existence in a future state, for which the experiences and attainments of the present life are preparatory; and hence, that it is the duty of all to perfect themselves in knowledge, wisdom and love, by making a right use of all the means obtainable, for developing completeness and beauty of character, for aid in divine inspirations, angelic ministrations and spiritual gifts are ever available to mankind;

5th. That realized communion with those who have gone before us to the invisible world is practicable under suitable conditions, and is a privilege of high value to those who use it wisely;

6th. That the human race is one family or brotherhood, whose interests are forever inseparable; hence, that it is the duty of each individual not only to refrain from whatever would wrong or harm another, but also to live for the good of all, seeking especially to aid the unfortunate, the ignorant, the inharmonious and the suffering, of whatever race or condition;

7th. Believing, also, that the achievement of true lives and a nobler civilization can better be attained by association and co-operation than by merely individual action, we, the undersigned, agree to unite our efforts for the practical application of these convictions.

BY-LAWS.

[Adopted, Sunday, March 14, 1886.]

ARTICLE 1.

SECTION 1. [Repeats the purposes for which the Society is formed, as embodied in the foregoing 2d clause of the charter.]

SEC. 2. At the regular meeting of the Trustees, subsequent to the annual meeting, they shall proceed to elect, by ballot, a president, secretary and treasurer, and appoint a business manager and corresponding secretary, who must be members of the Society. The officers shall serve for one year, or, until their successors are chosen, unless their positions are previously vacated by resignation or other causes.

DUTIES OF PRESIDENT.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the President to preside in all meetings of the Board of Trustees, to call special meetings of the Board upon the written request of two or more members of the Board, or of ten members of the Society. The President shall appoint such special meetings, at not less than three nor more than ten days from the time such request shall have been made, and due notice thereof shall have been given.

DUTIES OF VICE-PRESIDENT.

SEC. 4. The Vice-President shall perform all the duties of President in the absence of that officer.

DUTIES OF SECRETARY.

SEC. 5. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to transcribe the Declaration of Principles and By-laws in a book provided for that purpose, and see that all persons have an opportunity to sign the same; to give notice of all meetings of the Society, and of the Board of Trustees; to attend such meetings, and keep a correct record of proceedings, and communicate to the chairman of committees all matters referred to them. And to keep a record of deaths and marriages that may take place in the Society.

DUTIES OF TREASURER.

SEC. 6. The Treasurer shall keep a just and true account, in a book provided for that purpose, of all moneys received and paid out. He shall

make payment in accordance with the direction of the Board of Trustees. He shall report, if required, at each regular meeting of the Board of Trustees, and upon his resignation or removal from office, shall give up all moneys, books and papers belonging thereto to his successor, or to the Board of Trustees. The Treasurer shall give a bond for the faithful performance of his duty in such sum as may be required by the Board of Trustees.

DUTIES OF BUSINESS MANAGER.

SEC. 7. The Business Manager shall have exclusive control of the business of meetings, lectures, and such other duties as may be entrusted to him, subject only to the supervision of the Board of Trustees, as may be decided upon at the meetings of the Board.

ARTICLES OF CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

SEC. 8. The Corresponding Secretary shall attend to all correspondence with other societies and the public, and shall copy in a book, kept for that purpose, all letters written, and file all those received relating to the Society.

ARTICLE II.

SECTION 1. The regular meetings of the Board of Trustees of this society shall be held at least once in three months. The Board of Trustees shall appoint a finance committee of two or more to examine the books of the Secretary and Treasurer, and report quarterly thereon.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the several members of the Board of Trustees to

A Few Notes of a Medium.

[“Diderot” in La Revue Spirite.]

In 1854, when I was teacher at Amance (Meurthe), work on Spiritualism fell in my way; it much attracted me, and I made experiments to ascertain whether I was a medium, but with negative results. After a time I got my assistant teacher Charles N., to join in my seances, and we immediately obtained raps and movements of the table, and then alphabetical telegraphic communications.

After a little experience of this we got our medium Charles to hold a pencil over paper, and written communications of various kinds came; during the writing, which was rapid, he was quite conscious, but he exercised no will whatever; indeed what came was always foreign to his thoughts.

Inquirers came and witnessed the phenomena, among them the Abbe Caro, a canon of the Nancy Cathedral. He invited us to his house, and we there met four elderly priests. Paper and pencil were placed before Charles, and an envelope which they said contained questions which they asked for answers. Through his hand a string of answers was written which surprised them. One was, “What matters it to thee whether the moon be inhabited or not? thou hast duties here, do them.” Another of the answers was in Latin, of which the medium was quite ignorant.

Charles N. went subsequently to the school at Ville-en-Vernois. One day in Winter, while on his way to attend a conference, he paused to survey the splendid snowy landscape; while gazing at it he felt the writing sensation in his hand, his cane vibrated in his hand and wrote on the snow, “Charles, go home; thy father died this morning.” He went; it was true; his father had fallen that morning from his granary, and was taken up dead.

After this, Charles N. was appointed to a post in the College of Commerce. One day while out with pupils he drank, while over-heated, freely of cold spring water and then lay down in the shade. This brought on fever, at the fifth day of which, feeling the writing sensation in his hand, he asked for paper and pencil; the pencil firmly traced the words, “Charles, be ready; the day after to-morrow, at three o’clock, thou wilt quit the earth.” At that time he breathed his last in the presence of friends, among whom was the Principal of the College, who gave me this last information, showing me the piece of writing, which he carefully keeps.

DUCK BOATS IN CANTON.—Of all the multitudinous boats of China, perhaps the strangest are the duck and geese boats, some of which shelter as many as two thousand birds, which are purchased wholesale at the great duck and geese farms, and reared for the market. After seeing these boats, I no longer wondered at the multitude of these birds in the provision markets, where they form one of the staple foods of the people. Beyond the first expense of buying the half-grown birds, the owner of the boat incurs none in the rearing them, as he simply turns them out twice a day to forage for themselves along the mud shores and the neighboring fields, where they find abundance of dainty little crabs, frogs, worms, snails, slugs, and maggots. They are allowed about a couple of hours for feeding and are then called back, when they obey with an alacrity which is truly surprising, the pursuit of even the most tempting frog being abandoned in their hurry to waddle on board. Never was there so obedient a school; and it is scarcely possible to believe that this extraordinary punctuality is really attained by the fear of the sharp stroke of a bamboo, which is invariably administered to the last bird.—C. F. Gordon Cumming.

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PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN.

(Late Editor of the “San Jose Daily Mercury.”)

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the San Jose *Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the bouquet which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times.*

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. * * * It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer.*

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the *Mercury* by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his “Sunday Talks” were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight.*

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author’s best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen’s essays.—*Gilroy Advocate.*

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author’s newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good “meat,” with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal.*

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post.*

Bro. Owen’s ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury*’s readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the “Sunday Talks,” and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. *San Benito Advance.*

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foothill Tidings.*

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant.*

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what he styles them, “Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought.” The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen’s literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call.*

The articles in “Sunday Talks” are written in an easy, flowing style, enchanting the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down “Sunday Talks” feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, “Across the Bar,” if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. “Sunday Talks” should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Paganian.*

We have read the “Sunday Talks” and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian.*

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alembic of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titcomb’s “Gold Foil,” or Holmes’ “Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.” It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-chosen language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press.*

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochebold, without any of the latter’s infidelity.—*Fort Wayne Ind. Gazette.*

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochebold, without any of the latter’s infidelity.—*Fort Wayne Ind. Gazette.*

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Spring Violeta.
By H. E. DODD.

We wandered through meadow and woodland,
My dear little Nellie and I;
Twas the days of our innocent childhood,
The days which have long since gone by.

We gathered the violets and daisies,
And the soft, tender blue of her eyes
Was sweet as the heart of the violet,
And bright as an April sky.

But they laid her to sleep in the meadow,
And the violets have grown o'er her bed,
And I've wandered the wide world over,
And the snow-flakes have covered my head.

Yet I never can look on a violet
But the face of my dear little Nell
Comes up from the heart of the flower,
Our childhood's sweet story to tell.

Greater than Creeds.

Famed upon the lives of those
Who sought to compass good for all;
Whose strong, sweet influence shall fall,
While age to mounting cycle grows.

They failed not for the need of praise,
Like small, shrewd men the world admires;
They fought up the signal fires,
And others flattered by their blaze.

Through all the wailings of their time,
They heard a tone of promised good,
A voice, though scarcely understood,
That stirred their hearts to deeds sublime.

What creeds they held, what faith they drew
From Nature of her primal cause,
Of One, the Framer of her laws,
Perchance themselves but dimly knew.

They only felt that life is great,
Too great for arms of death to clasp,
Whose cheated fingers can but grasp
A moment from our sentient state.

Then what, in faith and life, is right?
To not for us to make decree,
For us, who judge by what we see,
And see not half the good we might.

B. A. GOODRIDGE, IN "CHRISTIAN REGISTER."

Little Things.

Only a daisy's head,
Turned up to the sun;
Only a daisy dead,
When the day is done.

Only a rosebud firm,
By the breezes toss;
Only a hidden worm,
And its petals lost.

Only a butterfly,
With an airy wing;
Only a thorn near by,
And a helpless thing.

Only a happy song,
Like a blackbird's trill;
Only a sigh too long,
And the voice is still.

Weep for the broken wing,
And the rose apart;
'Tis but a little thing
Breaks a happy heart.

J. GERTRUDE MENARD, IN "BOSTON TRAVELER."

Misere.

In the wildest of Decembers
Crouched a figure o'er the embers,
In a dark and dreary attic high aloof;
For the year was near its close,
And the latest of its snows
Softly drifted through the rifted rotten roof.

Many a bacchanalian party—
Merry-makers, hale and hearty—
Sped behind the jingling horses thro' the street;
Little thinking in their mirth
How above her lonely heath
Pined a woman without anything to eat.

She was dreaming of days olden,
So halcyon and so golden,
When the best of earth but waited at her beck;
Ere of sorrow she had known,
And her storm-tossed life was thrown
On the sharp reefs of life's ocean like a wreck.

"By Thy tears and crucifixion,"
Moaned she in her sad affliction,
"Christ, have mercy on one dying sinner more!"
While the embers' wanning glow
Flickered on the saintly snow,
Sifted, drifted through the roof along the floor.

In the morning neighbors found her
With her poor shawl wrapped around her,
Dead to all the cruel world and its reproof;
While the sunbeams, all unclouded,
Kissed her figure, snow-enshrouded,
As they glinted, like God's blessing, thro' the roof!

—HENRY S. CORNWALL.

Nobody's Child.

Only a newsboy, under the light
Of the lamp-post plying his trade in vain;
Men are too busy to stop to-night,
Hurrying home through the sleet and rain.
Never since dark a paper sold;
Where shall he sleep, or how be fed?

He thinks as he shivers in the cold,
While happy children are safe abed.

Is it strange if he turns about
With angry words, then comes to blows,
When his little neighbor, just sold out,
Tossing his pennies, past him goes?

"Stop!"—some one looks at him, sweet and mild,
And the voice that speaks is a tender one;
"You should not strike such a little child,
And you should not use such words, my son!"

Is it his anger or his fears?

That have hushed his voice and stopped his arm?

"Don't tremble," these are the words he hears;

"Do you think that I would do you harm?"

"It isn't that," and the hands drop down;

"I wouldn't care for kicks and blows;

But nobody ever called me son,

Because I'm nobody's child, I suppose."

Oh men! ye careless pass along,

Remember the love that has cared for you,

And blush for the awful shame and wrong

Of a word where such a thing could be true!

Think what the child at your knee had been

If thus on life's lonely billows tossed;

And who shall bear the weight of the sin,

If one of these "little ones" be lost,

—PHŒBE CARY.

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ORIGINAL POEM, GEO. C. IRVIN

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The Millennial Dawn.

The morning light is breaking,
The shadows disappear;
The sons of earth are waking
From darkness, doubt and fear.
The human mind encroaches
In supersition's night,
In mysteries concealed,
Behold the dawning light.

Bright angels hover o'er us,
The welcome news to bring;
Of better scenes before us,
In rapturous joy they sing,
Earth's millions from their sadness,
Awake with joy and love;
And, filled with peace and gladness,
Look to their home above.

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ADDRESS, "The Spirit Side of Life," MRS. E. L. WATSON.

How Cheering the Thought.

How cheering the thought that the angels of God
Do bow their light wings to the world they once trod,
Do leave the sweet joys of the mansions above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to guide some poor wanderer home;
Some brother to lead from a darkened abode,
And lay him at rest in the arms of his God.

They come when we wander, they come when we pray,
In mercy to guard us wherever we stray;
A glorious cloud, their bright witness is given!
Encircling us here are these angels of heaven.

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All thoughtful persons interested in the great question of the higher life of the life to come, and of the ceaseless relations of the living and the dead, will hail the advent of this book. In the pages of this "Record of a Ministering Angel," Mrs. Clark has ventured with free and fearless steps into regions as mysterious as they are sacred. This book will bring comfort and hope to the sorrowing ones who have followed the cold forms of loved ones to the grave. The work has